



VOLTAIRE

Old Boy Football Clubs

WRITTEN BY M. RANDAL ROBERTS. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

THERE are several reasons why the Old Etonians deserve the place of honour at the head of the list of Old Boy Clubs.

In the first place they have been in existence longer than any other of the Old Boy Clubs; in the second place their members are more numerous than those of any other similar club, and last but not least, they won the English Cup in 1882, a feat which no Southern club has since succeeded in accomplishing.

None of the famous team of 1882 are playing first class football now-a-days, though it is quite on the cards that A. T. B. Dunn may suddenly surprise the present generation by appearing again as a full blown International, or something equally startling. You can never tell what Dunn will do. As a boy at Eton he only weighed six stone, and could never put on sufficient weight to fit him for serious football. Footballers, however, are born not made, and after being a year at Cambridge Dunn incontinently blossomed into one of the finest players in the country. He got his International cap as a forward in 1882. Then he lay fallow for ten years when he made an unexpected reappearance—this time as full back—and captained England against Scotland in 1892. Besides all this, Dunn has the eternal distinction of having kicked, in the final tie in 1882, the goal which brought the English Cup to the South for the last time.

This historic goal, by the way, is memorable for another reason. It was directly responsible for the suppression of several quires of some of the most

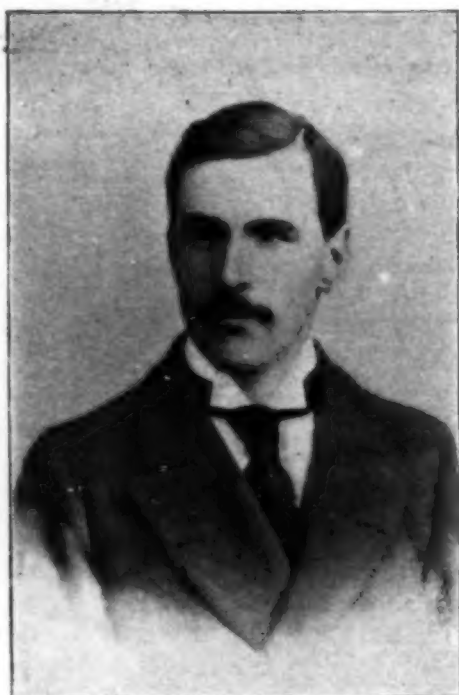
remarkable verse that ever was penned. This curious result was arrived at in this wise. In 1882 the Old Etonians' opponents in the final tie for the English Cup were the Blackburn Rovers. The latter were so cocksure of winning that they had turned on the local poet to celebrate their victory some days before the match was actually played. The poet turned up in all his glory at the Oval, armed with his poem, which he intended to sell for the modest sum of a penny a copy as soon as the game was over. Here are a few stanzas of the pæan which was to have been circulated among the supporters of the victorious Rovers.

All hail, ye gallant Rover Lads !
Etonians thought ye were but cads.
They've found at football game their dads
By meeting Blackburn Rovers.

The English Cup by brilliant play
From Cockney-land they've brought away.
Let's hope in Blackburn it will stay
To cheer the gallant Rovers.

So here's success to all the team,
Who carry the palm, who are the cream
Of footballing, and raise the steam
To always win for the Rovers.

But, alas, how easily things go wrong !
The gallant Rovers couldn't show themselves the Etonians' "dads in football game," and the unfortunate poet found himself with several bushels of his too previous poetry left on his hands. Some rumours, however, of the ode he had prepared leaked out, and one of the victors partially consoled the despondent bard by purchasing a sovereign's worth of his slumping wares.



A. T. B. DUNN

Photo by JACOLETTE, Dover

In addition to A. T. B. Dunn, the Old Etonian team of 1882, contained another very famous footballer in the person of Lord Kinnaird. Lord Kinnaird played for Scotland against England, and is now the President of the Football Association. He played active football till he was past forty, and was famous for his long white trousers, his flowing auburn beard, and the vigour of his charging. Present-day football Lord Kinnaird regards as a very milk-and-water affair, and declares that if he were to play in a match now-a-days the modern referee would order him off the field before the game was five minutes old, and probably report him to the Association into the bargain.

Though an Old Etonian, Lord Kinnaird once played for the Old Harrovians under somewhat peculiar circumstances. In a match between these two teams the Harrow captain thought his side was one short, and prevailed on Lord Kinnaird, who had gone down to referee, to keep goal for the Harrovians. At half-time, the Etonians had scored three goals to one, but it was then discovered that the Harrovians had been playing twelve men. But the funny part of the business was that Lord

Kinnaird had so warmed to his work that he asked leave to play in the second half, even after the discovery that he was an extra man. As the game proceeded he quite forgot that he was on the side of his hereditary foes, and was so keen on winning that he vigorously shouted, "Play up Harrow," with a frequency that quite alarmed the Etonians.

Latterly, the Old Etonians have somewhat fallen from their high estate, and are satisfied with a less ambitious programme than winning the English Cup. Their list of fixtures now consists of matches against such clubs as Cambridge University, the Old Carthusians (whom, by the way, they severely humbled in the dust a few weeks ago), the Casuals, and the Eton Masters, but the League teams are left severely alone. In any Old Etonian team you will generally be sure to find two or three Goslings playing, sometimes you may even find half-a-dozen. In the list of members of the Old Etonians Football Club there are no fewer than ten Goslings, and the greatest of these is "R. C." Cunliffe Gosling is now, perhaps, a little past his prime, but when he captained England against Scotland four years ago he was indisputably the finest dribbler in the country. He still plays occasionally for the Corinthians at Queen's Club, where his sleek hair and grey stockings are as familiar to the crowd as the goal posts.

In the hey-day of their fame the Old Etonians supplied a goodly crop of Internationals. In addition to Dunn and Lord Kinnaird, there were Edward and Alfred Lyttelton, the famous cricketers, C. J. Ottaway, who was a sort of C. B. Fry of the seventies, P. J. Paravicini, and a host of smaller fry. Percy "Para," as his friends always call him, was a midget, but no better "little 'un" ever wore a football boot. His power of half-volleying was phenomenal. Any duffer can hit a half-volley at cricket, but to kick a heavy, greasy football on the half-volley is a different thing altogether.

What the present generation of football players, however, owe to the public schools, cannot be appraised by merely reckoning the number of Internationals which the Old Boy clubs have supplied, or even by their victories in cup ties.



P. J. PARAVICINI

Photo by A. D. KISSACK

Like the Old Etonians, the Old Carthusians are past winners of the English Cup, and have turned out Internationals galore, but their prime claim to distinction rests on a more enduring performance. In these days of the rule of the League, very few people remember, even if they ever knew, that Stoke, the oldest club in the League, was founded by four Old Carthusians. At that time the cloisters of Charterhouse were sacred to a code of football which prevailed almost alone in that school, and which was the model on which the modern Association game was formed.

The boys were prohibited from collaring in the Rugby fashion, and indeed from using their hands and arms in any way. They had to charge with their shoulders, and to learn to dribble the ball through a crowd of some forty or fifty opponents. This, by the way, is probably the reason why the Old Carthusians have usually such a fine command over the ball. Now it came to pass in 1863 that four Old Charterhouse boys were pupils in the locomotive works of the North Staffordshire Railway at Stoke. Being Charterhouse boys, they wanted football, and at that time there

was no means of gratifying their desire at Stoke except they played a two a-side game between themselves. As this didn't seem a deliriously exciting amusement, they hunted about for recruits from the sons of the manufacturers in the neighbourhood. And so the famous Stoke club came into being.

Stoke and the Carthusians have long since parted company, but the fame of the latter still endures. As set-off to the Old Etonians' historic match against Blackburn Rovers in 1882 the Old Carthusians can point to an equally memorable fight in 1887. This was also a Cup Tie match and was probably the most exciting game ever played. The Old Carthusians' opponents were Preston North End, who at that time were supposed to be invincible. No one for a moment dreamed that the "O.C.'s" had the shadow of a chance. But W. N. Cobbold and the two Walters played the game of their lives, and within a few minutes of "time" the Old Carthusians were leading by a goal to nothing. But then came P. M. Walter's celebrated foul, which the Old Carthusians always declare was no foul, but the referee decided otherwise; Preston North End



W. N. COBBOLD

Photo by Messrs. STERN, Cambridge

kicked a goal, and as the scores were equal an extra half-hour had to be played, and in the end Preston won by two goals to one. Only for this foul of Walter's the Old Carthusians would probably have deprived the Etonians of the honour of being the last club to bring the "Coop" down South.

A list of all the famous Old Carthusians would almost fill the whole of this article. A dozen years ago there were the two Walters, W. N. Cobbold (the most elusive of dribblers), E. S. Currey and "Round-the-corner Smith," and to-day, as everyone knows, they have the one and only G. O. Smith, C. D. Hewett, C. G. Vassall, E. H. Bray, W. V. Timmis, and Stanbrough. Cobbold was among the spectators at the North v. South match last month, and the writer, who was sitting near him, couldn't help wondering if Vassall's wonderful runs that day recalled to him how he used similarly to baffle all his opponents in the eighties. Wreford Brown's name is omitted from this list because it is impossible to classify him; nobody can say whether he belongs to the past or present generation. He was a well-known player ten years ago, and just when every one was beginning to

think that he was really going to retire he suddenly received a gift of second youth last year and played for England against Scotland for the first time—exactly twelve years after he had taken part in the great Cup Tie match against Preston North End. Wreford Brown's ambition would now be satisfied if he could only kick a goal. There are not many men who can boast that they have played football for a dozen years without kicking a goal, but it is believed that Wreford Brown holds this remarkable record.

For some reason or other the Old Westminsters don't hold as conspicuous a position as they deserve among the Old Boy Clubs. The reason certainly isn't a lack of fine players, for the number of famous "O.W.'s" is legion. W. R. Moon, J. G. Veitch, N. C. Bailey, R. R. Sandilands, A. H. Harrison and R. N. Blaker alone form a sextette, which would bring fame and fortune to any club. "Bill" Moon was for many years the finest goal keeper in England, and isn't far behind the best of them even now; Veitch and Sandilands are too well known to require any description, but A. H. Harrison deserves a paragraph all to himself. His methods and career were meteoric. When he was only nineteen he was chosen to play for England against Scotland in 1893. He played so well in that match that there was no reason why it shouldn't have proved but the first of a long series of International honours for him. But he adopted the tactics of a comet, and vanished from the football firmament as rapidly as he had appeared. Harrison had one very curious fad. He hardly ever played a game without imagining that he was badly injured and leaving the field. The odd thing was that when he was really hurt he used to insist that nothing was the matter with him, and would absolutely refuse to stop playing.

The Old Westminsters have had their fair share of successful cup-tie battles, and one very remarkable cup tie they have had which they are not likely to forget. In the final tie for the London Cup in 1887 the Old Westminsters met the Casuals at Sydenham. The two teams, the referee, and the spectators turned up all right, but where was the



R. E. FOSTER

ball? It seems impossible to believe that in an important cup tie the ball should have been forgotten, but in this particular match the officials had omitted to provide one. All shops in the neighbourhood were scoured without success; telegrams were despatched to London, but no ball could be secured, and after waiting for two hours the teams had to take their departure and leave the match undecided.

A brand new Old Boys Club sprang into existence and fame last year. The Old Malvernians had such an excellent outfit to start with, that it is not surprising that they came within an ace of winning the Amateur Cup in the first year of their existence. They reached the semi-final stage in safety when they were deserted by C. J. Burnup, whose absence, undoubtedly, was the cause of their defeat. For some time after the result of the match was known Burnup was probably the best-abused man in

England. The Corinthians were playing Queen's Park in London on the same afternoon, and the temptation to play in the greatest amateur match of the year apparently proved too strong for him. At any rate, he deserted the "O.M.'s" and played for the Corinthians. As the Old Malvernians are blessed with the possession of an enthusiastic secretary, and such renowned athletes as W. W. Lowe, the old Cambridge centre-forward, G. H. Simpson, C. J. Burnup, and a trio of Fosters—H. K., W. L., and R. E.—there is no reason why they shouldn't rival the feats of the best of the Old Boy Clubs.

The Old Harrovians ought to be a power in the land, but possibly owing to the peculiar game played at Harrow, which is a cross between the Rugby and Association code with a few special features of its own thrown in, the Old Harrovians have never been shining lights in the football world.



At a Bull Fight in Old Mexico

WRITTEN BY ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS



THOUGH the national sport of Spanish-speaking peoples is now prohibited in the Federal District, in which the City of Mexico is situated, the visitor can yet satisfy his curiosity about bull-fighting in nearly every town of moderate size throughout Old Mexico. Companies of bull-fighters travel about, their arrival in the various towns being heralded by placards which announce that there will take place on such and such a day *Esplendida corrida de Toros en la Villa de . . .* at which will be killed *Cuatro Tremendos y Bravos Toros*.

Early in the afternoon of the day of the bull-fight a band parades the town in a special tram-car, in the middle of which are piled the banderillas with gay-coloured paper rosettes and streamers attached to them. While I was staying at Vera Cruz, the gulf port of Mexico, a squad of bull-fighters visited the city of the True Cross. As a bull-fight is the only thing which takes place in a Spanish-American town with a fair approach to punctuality, my companion and I left the city at a few minutes to four o'clock, so as to reach the bull-ring, which is situated at the end of the palm-bordered Paseo, or promenade, at four. Outside the ring vendors of cakes, *dulces* (sweet meats) and light refreshments, plied their trade.

The seats in a ring are divided into two classes, the *Sombra* and the *Sol*—that is, shady and sunny. As the fights are held in the afternoon, the part of the ring shaded from the sun is the pleasanter and the higher-priced. Seats on the sunny side cost 75 centavos, those in the *Sombra* twice that sum. We took unreserved seats, but succeeded, before

the show began, in getting two reserved places next to the arena. My friend is an expert in tauromachy, but I was a novice, and wanted to see everything, and see it well.

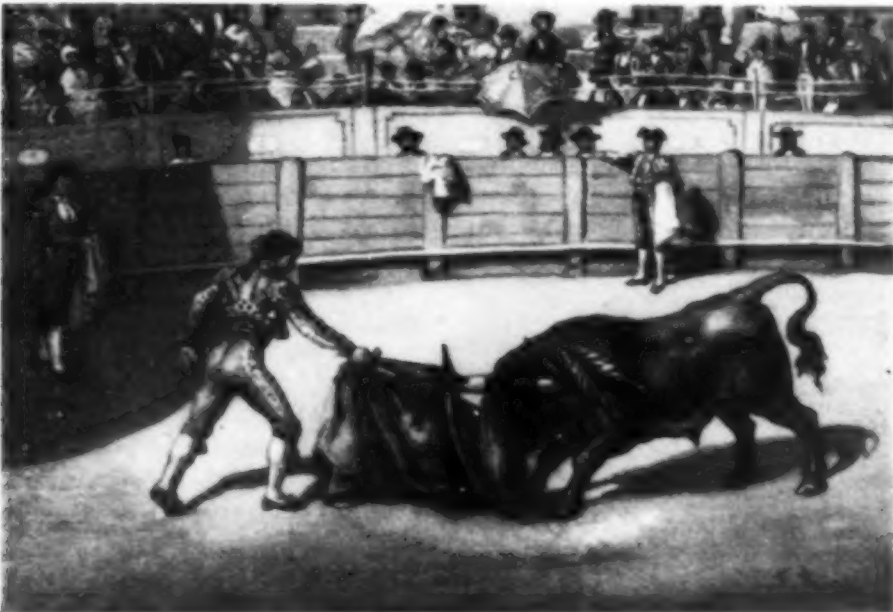
Before the entrance of the cuadrilla, or company, boys kept up a constant racket by striking the wooden walls of the arena with canes. By-and-by a negro walked into the ring, took off his hat with a grandiose air, and bowed to the crowd, which roared at him: this delighted him so much that he renewed his bows till the spectators fairly yelled. Most arenas are round, but that at Vera Cruz is many-sided; in four of the angles are strong frameworks of wood; behind these the bull cannot get, and they form little refuges for the bull-fighters when they find themselves hard pressed by the bull. Our seats were immediately above one of these refuges or shelters.

There are two principal entrances to the arena, through one of which the bulls are admitted, while through the other the fighters enter, and the attendants drag out the dead bulls; and occasionally disemboweled horses make their exit by the gate they entered at. Behind the bulls' entrance are pens in which the animals are kept for several hours before the fight, without food or light; and behind the men's entrance, in a fully-equipped arena, are a surgeon's room and a chapel. It gives one an idea of the dangerous nature of the sport to be told that, before entering the arena, the fighters confess to a priest and receive the Communion. In one week, in old Spain, two matadores and a banderillero were mortally wounded in the rings at Madrid, Aranjuez, and Cordova; and a picador was thrown with

such violence against the barrier, that he died a few days later. Opposite to the entrance by which the cuadrilla enters is the President's box draped with red. The bulls' entrance is about midway between that of the fighters and the President's box.

Bull-fighting is no mere scrimmage conducted upon *sauve qui peut* principles, but is an old, highly esteemed national sport, contested according to the strictest rules, any infringement of which, or of the etiquette of the profession, is violently resented by the spectators. Queen Christina of Spain has been

very special one, ladies do not go much to bull-fights in Vera Cruz; though at a fight given to raise funds for the relief of sufferers by the inundations in Spain, the ladies' committee occupied the Judge's box, and many women of good position attended. On the Sunday of my visit there were several sailors from a Mexican man-of-war lying in the roadstead, and some officers and men of the 23rd Infantry quartered in the barracks of Vera Cruz. Most of the soldiers wore the drab holland undress uniform, which, while cool and comfortable, is certainly not very smart.



THE MATADOR

known to send an aide-de-camp to enquire after a wounded torero; and a skilful matador is almost a national hero. If the populace is dissatisfied with the quality of the bulls provided, the whole cuadrilla, with their leader, the matador, at their head, are in danger of being marched off to prison by order of the President. I suppose that in Spain, and perhaps in South America, bull-fights are witnessed by people of the highest class; but in Vera Cruz the spectators consisted almost entirely of men and boys of the lower class; there were some foreigners; the women present were mostly of loose character, I was told that, unless the occasion is a

Soon after the President's entrance the signal to begin was given; the large doors opposite his box were opened, and out in procession marched the cuadrilla, headed by the *prima espada* (first sword), or leader. He was followed by two banderilleros and two chulos on foot, and by two picadores on horseback, the procession being closed by three gaily-caparisoned mules, with jingling sleigh-bells, and dragging a hook and tackle. All walk across the ring to the President's box and salute. The men wear open be-frilled shirt-fronts, and long, narrow, coloured neckties, fastened in a sailor's knot; knee-breeches of silk or satin, light or dark blue, purple, or olive

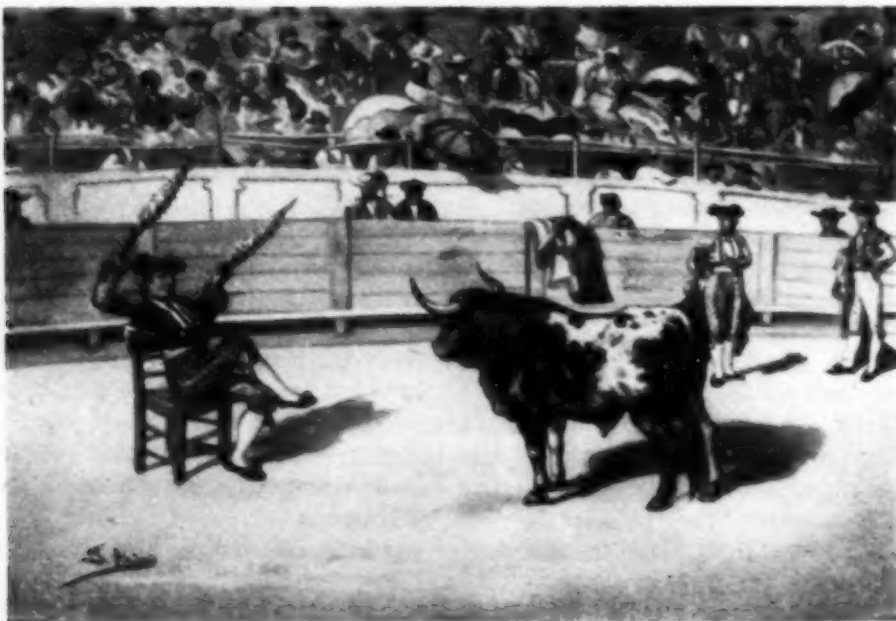
in colour, and heavily embroidered with silver or gold; coloured stockings, and low shoes. I am told that in Spain, the cradle of the sport, only *primas espadas* are permitted to wear coloured stockings; but Mexico appears to allow all the toreros this liberty. The hair is worn in queues tied with ribbons; the hats are round, fit close to the head, and are adorned with pompons. The matador wears a headdress made of woven black wool. The picadores are armed with a sort of spear, with a diamond-shaped point so arranged that it cannot penetrate more than an inch or two into the flesh of the bull.

The cuadrilla retires; the picadores and other fighters take up their positions in the arena, and the door is opened for the bull. Confused and dazed by the sudden glare of light into his dark pen, the bull rushes forward, and as he enters the arena a rosette of coloured ribbons, denoting the *hacienda* at which he was bred, is fixed into his neck just behind the horns. Then the chulos, or jesters, run in front of him waving large coloured cloaks. In a moment or two he makes up his mind to charge one of his tormentors; down goes his head, and on he rushes; the chulo steps nimbly aside, and throws the *capa*, or cloak, over his horns. Then another attracts his attention, and another; but despite his agility

a fighter is sometimes so hard pressed that he has to run behind one of the shelters to escape a charge. But the bull is too confused to rush right on and crash into the shelter; he merely sniffs at it and turns away, or at the most looks in at one side while the torero escapes at the other.

The picadores ride wretched old horses, with their necks and shoulders partially protected by leather; the right leg of the picador is shielded by a stout leather legging, lined with metal. The horses wear bandages over one eye: the picador must therefore keep the bull on the horse's blind side, for if the horse sees the infuriated bull, he will not face him. Sometimes the bull suddenly catches sight of a picador, and makes an ugly rush at him; if the picador fails to fend him off with his *pica*, or lance, he is very likely to be thrown down and have his horse gored; for the bull, having been so often tricked by unsubstantial assailants, who vanish as soon as pursued, or cloaks that yield no satisfaction, is delighted to get his horns into something solid. In one instance the shaft of the *pica* broke off, and remained sticking in the bull's shoulder. This is the objectionable feature in bull-fighting, the poor horses being horribly wounded, and often killed.

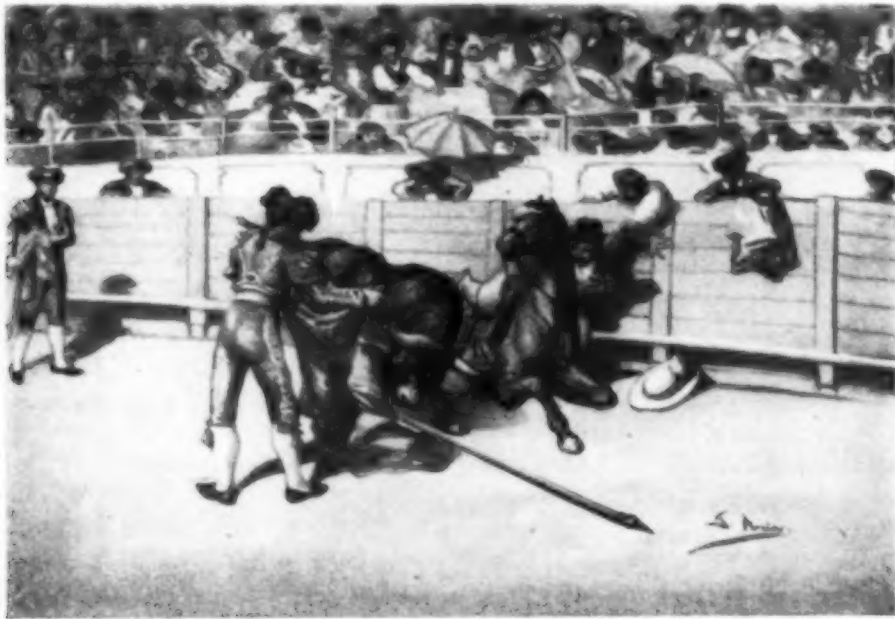
To the chulos succeed the banderil-



BANDERILLAS AWAITING CHARGE OF BULL

leros, whose office it is to drive *banderillas*—sticks about eighteen inches long, decorated with rosettes and frills of coloured paper, and pointed with a short steel barb—into the bull's neck. The rule of the ring is that the *banderillero* must be fixed in the neck of the bull when he is charging; if a *banderillero* should strike one, or a pair of them, into the bull at any other time, he would be hissed and fined. It is a matter of much dexterity, for the *banderillero's* hand must pass over the sharp horns of the bull. To attract the animal's attention, the *banderillero* stretches out his arms,

tries to attract the bull, his assistants aiding him by drawing the bull towards him, or by distracting the animal's attention when necessary. When the bull charges, with head lowered and forefeet just touching the ground, his shoulder-blades are open. This is the *matador's* moment; with one rapid, skilful thrust between the shoulder-blades he pierces the heart, and the heavy beast staggers and rolls over dead. If the stroke is not accurately made, the lungs are pierced, and blood comes out through the nostrils; but if the stroke is properly given, no blood appears. But not sel-



CAPEADOR DIVERTING ATTENTION OF BULL.

and holds forth the *banderillas*, the *chulos* meanwhile trying to draw the bull towards him. When a good stroke is made by the *banderillero*, or when he exhibits particular dexterity in evading the bull's rushes, the spectators shout "*Bueno! Bueno!*" (Good! good!) and the band plays "*Diana.*" When six *banderillas* have been driven home, or the President thinks that the sport has gone on long enough, he gives a word of command; the trumpet sounds, and the *picadores* ride out of the ring, leaving the *matador*, or *prima espada*. In his left hand the *matador* holds a bright red cloak, and in his right a long, thin sword; with the cloak he

dom, even though stricken with a mortal wound, the brave creature staggers round the ring, and even attempts to charge. When he has fallen, the spinal cord is severed by an attendant with a knife, and the *matador's* sword is drawn out. The team of gaily-caparisoned mules is driven into the ring; the bull's hind legs are fastened together, and he is dragged out of the arena, to be replaced in a minute or two by a fresh animal.

The second bull on emerging into the ring, made a rush at one of the *picadores*, who had much difficulty in keeping him off. Later, the same *picador* was attacked again, the bull making a



MATADOR SALUTING THE JUDGE

successful charge, and knocking horse and rider down : the horse was considerably hurt, but got up, only to be again knocked down. This time the poor animal must have been fatally hurt, for he did not appear again, another unfortunate taking his place.

After three bulls had been killed—two of them at the first stroke of the matador's sword—the populace cried out, demanding that the *banderillas* should be put in by a man on horseback. This is difficult, for, a rider's hands being taken up with his *banderillas*, he has to guide his horse by the pressure of his knees. For this work a good horse, without any bandage over his eyes, was used, and I sincerely hoped that he would not get impaled upon the bull's cruel horns. After several efforts, the mounted man succeeded in implanting one *banderilla* in the bull's shoulders, but abandoned the attempt to get the second one of the pair home.

This last bull was a very vigorous and active one ; once or twice he tried to escape from his tormentors by climbing the barrier between the arena and the spectators, but failing, he made a good fight. Once he charged one of the referees—the very one above which my friend and I were sitting—and splintered off a large piece of wood with his horns.

All the four bulls who fought their

first and last fight that afternoon were good ; or, as they were described in the posters, "valiant"; three out of the four were killed at one thrust of the sword, and two out of the three did not bleed from the nostrils. This was a good day's sport, and the spectators were well satisfied.

It does occasionally happen that a bull refuses to fight at all ; when this happens, he is lassoed and taken out of the ring. When a bull is so exhausted that he refuses to charge or fight any more, the matador asks the President's permission to kill him by piercing him just behind the horns and severing the spinal cord with the point of the sword. When this is done, the bull instantly drops dead to the ground, sometimes before the matador has time to draw his foot back to his original position.

The bulls intended for the arena are specially bred, great attention being paid to their fighting and staying qualities. In character they are divided into three classes. The *levantado*, or light-headed bull, rushes hither and thither, making wild charges at anything that catches his eye. The *parado*, or lazy bull, is in no hurry to charge, but is dangerous, because his humour may change suddenly. The most dangerous bull is the *aplomado*, or level-headed one, who does not weary himself by reckless rushes,

but exercises judgment and intelligence in his attacks.

After the serious fighting was over, the matador, banderilleros, chulos, and picadores withdrew, and a young bull, with his horns covered with leather, to prevent them piercing his antagonists—called a *toro embolado*—was brought into the arena. Young men and boys from among the spectators jumped into the ring with sticks, cloaks, and blankets, with which they teased the bull, who, however, scattered them like chaff when he charged. A negro with a brown *serapa* created roars of laughter by his funny antics and dexterous evasions of the bull; a dog also added to the fun by barking and snapping at the bull's heels. At last the *toro* charged the negro, who backed precipitately, but not being able to see where he was going, bumped

against the barrier so hard that he positively rebounded from it. As there were altogether forty or fifty boys and men in the ring, the shelters of which I have spoken became full to overflowing, and there was a good deal of scurrying and scampering to and fro whenever the bull made a rush. I was told that in South America—or, at any rate, at Rio de Janeiro—the bulls in the ring are always *embolados*, and are not killed.

After several minutes of this play, the show ended, and we walked back along the Paseo, and past the barracks, to the city, well pleased with the entertainment, which had been singularly free from painful incidents, and had lasted long enough to give us a good idea of the sport, and had not been so long drawn out as to weary us.





WRITTEN BY ETHEL THOMAS.

ILLUSTRATED BY HUTTON MITCHELL.



DULL house, in a dull street, somewhere at the back of Bayswater. A fine rain falling, and two swarthy foreigners hawking onions. A girl gazing out of one of the windows, deeply, deplorably depressed; loathing life generally and her own immediate surroundings in particular. She was a pretty girl too, this Kitty Clark, of the fluffy, kittenish, type. From the unattractive window she turned with a prolonged sigh. In passing to the door she stopped. Something had caught her wandering attention; it was nothing less than the large looking-glass in its tarnished gilt frame, hanging over the mantelpiece. She went towards it, and leaning her elbows on the ledge, looked intently at her own reflection. Yes, she was undeniably pretty, petite and plump, with fair hair, a clear complexion, and eyes that were big, blue and babyish. First she let the long, black lashes lie upon her cheek, then suddenly raised them, and with lips slightly parted, gazed in solemn, innocent wonderment at the mirror. Then very slowly, almost imperceptibly, a smile began to play about the corners of her mouth; as it broadened, and became a low, musical laugh, two rows of pearly teeth were visible. This little pantomime she

repeated several times, and, as at last she reluctantly tore herself away from her fascinating occupation, exclaimed: "Oh, how well I might do if I only had the chance; this life is getting simply unbearable." In leaving the room she knocked over a little table, but did not stop to pick it up.

The Clarks were a large family, and contrived, on a very small income, to be generally considered genteel. Mr. Clark was "something in the City," no one knew exactly what, but every morning, punctually at five minutes past eight, he left the house, never returning thither before seven in the evening. He was a lean, hungry-looking man, and warm-hearted, well-intentioned people longed to give him basins of soup. Mrs. Clark was a faded drab-faced woman, worn out in the perpetual struggle with poverty, and in the futile effort to make both ends meet. She had a querulous way of talking, and always seemed on the very verge of tears. In her youth she had been good looking. To Mary, the eldest girl, Nature had not been generous, she was plain and unhealthy looking, with a short stunted figure. Kitty indeed, to quote her young brother, "had collared all the good looks of the family." She generally managed to "collar" the good

clothes too, for as Mrs. Clark remarked, "they would be thrown away on Mary." After Kitty came several other children, varying in age, and degrees of tiresomeness.

On leaving the drawing-room, where she had been so interestingly occupied, Kitty ran upstairs, and without knocking, burst into her sister's room. Mary

shillings from Uncle Harry a few days ago."

"Oh! that's gone long ago," Kitty airily replied, "one can't make ten shillings last for ever."

Mary sighed, got up slowly and went to a plush box on the chest of drawers. She unlocked it with a little key, hung by a ribbon



"YES, SHE WAS UNDENIABLY PRETTY"

was busily engaged at the sewing machine, and its monotonous drone seemed to fit in suitably with the weary afternoon.

"Can you lend me sixpence, Mary," Kitty at once began, "I want particularly to buy something."

"Yes, dear, I think I can," returned her sister, "but I thought you had ten

round her neck, and took out a shabby, green purse. The purse contained a two-shilling piece, a three-penny bit and several coppers. Six of these she counted out, and handed to her sister. Kitty received them in silence, and when they were safely in her possession, she remarked:

"And oh, Mary, I'll borrow your cape

as well ; I'm afraid of spoiling mine in the wet."

Without further words on either side, Kitty left the room, and soon after, the house. She went down the dreary street, at the end of which was a public house on one side and a news agent's on the other. The latter she entered, and after some time spent in selection, came out with two penny novelettes under her arm. Then she turned to the right and disappeared into a cheap looking sweet shop. Here the remaining four pence were carefully invested and Kitty at once returned home. On entering the house she went straight to her own room, and locking the door, remained invisible till supper time.

A few days later the Clarks had arranged to go to a concert. It was a Church charity affair, given with the laudable intention of supplying clean surplices for the choir boys. The Rev. James Mortimer, Curate, who was the moving spirit in getting up the entertainment, was fairly intimate with the Clarks, and was supposed, by them, to harbour feelings of tender regard for the fair Kitty. That young lady, however, never for one moment gave the thing a serious thought. Mr. Mortimer was poor—that was quite enough. She never meant to change from one life of poverty to another.

The concert went off well, as those sorts of concerts generally do. Talent was conspicuous by its absence. The audience was kind, indulgent, and exceedingly encouraging. This was easily accounted for, from the fact that it was almost exclusively composed of friends of the performers. After it was over Mrs. Clark invited the Curate, and a friend who had sung some comic songs for him, home to supper. The friend was introduced as Mr. Gerald Carew, and an Oxford chum of Mr. Mortimer's. The first thing that impressed you about Carew was his bigness. With him, you at once felt a sense of protection and security. He was fair, tall, well proportioned and athletic looking. A merrycast of countenance, with kind blue eyes. His mouth was rather weak, but that did not matter, as his moustache came down and hid it. Kitty liked his

look, and felt at once the possibilities of a lively evening. Of course she annexed him, leaving Mr. Mortimer to escort her mother and sister. She tripped along by his side, and whenever they passed a gas-lamp, looked up at him with beseeching, innocent eyes. Naturally he was attracted ; she was just the sort of tiny helpless thing to appeal to a big strong man. During the quarter of an hour's walk, she managed to praise his voice, his mode of singing, and his good worthy friend, and contrived to tell him how her family had come down in the world, and how desperately poor they now were.

"Oh, Mr. Carew," she finished by saying, "it is so hard, so cruel to be poor, one has to go without so many things. But there, you wouldn't understand, I don't suppose you know what poverty is."

"Thank God, I don't," he replied, and added simply, "my father has always been rich. But you, Miss Clark, I am awfully sorry to hear what you say. It seems horribly unfair. You, you," he went on in a burst of admiration, and with a tender lingering glance at the fluffy, fair little thing at his side, "You ought to have everything good the world has to offer."

Just then the others came up, and they all entered the house. It was a pleasant evening. Carew was lively and amusing, paying as much attention to Mary and her mother as he did to Kitty. He won golden opinions and an invitation to tea next day. Mortimer's feelings were mixed. After he had reached his rooms, and counted out the gains of the evening, which exceeded his expectations, he did not feel that gladness he ought to have felt, and as he dropped off to sleep murmured drowsily : "I'm beastly sorry Carew came."

The next day Gerald duly presented himself at the Clarks'. Kitty had been upstairs since the mid-day meal, preparing for the encounter, and truly the end justified the means. She looked prettier than ever as she glided softly into the room with hand outstretched exclaiming :

"How nice of you to come and see us again,"



"LOOKED UP AT HIM WITH BESEECHING, INNOCENT EYES"

After tea, music was suggested. Gerald asked Mary if she played.

"Oh no," she replied, "I am only good for accompaniments, but Kitty plays pieces."

That young lady not unwillingly went to the piano. She gave them a fantaisie on Scotch airs, with a liberal amount of pedal and wrong notes—a decidedly showy performance. Carew, who was not musical beyond the music of comic songs, was distinctly impressed. He thought she played splendidly, and asked her to give them something else. This Kitty refused to do. The fact was, her repertoire consisted of but two pieces; the other she left to do duty later on.

After this Carew was constantly at the Clarks'. His admiration for Kitty was undisguised, and no one was surprised when he asked her to be his wife. Least of all, Kitty herself. She had found out, indirectly, how very well off his father was, and from that moment

made up her mind to become Mrs. Carew.

Gerald loved her truly, with all the fond, fervid adoration of a first love. He thought her so good, so sweet, so self-sacrificing. She was, in short, his ideal realised. He longed to make her happy, and take her from her sordid home. At first, she refused him, saying his people would look down on her people, that they would not like their son to marry a poor girl. But ultimately she gave in, and Gerald went off at once to tell his parents. They were not quite so pleased about it all as he expected them to be; but then of course, he reflected, they had not yet seen Kitty. When they knew her, he felt sure they would only be too glad to welcome their prospective daughter-in-law.

However, after a few weeks it was satisfactorily arranged, and the wedding fixed to come off soon. After the marriage they were to travel about for some months, and when tired of that, they would look out for a house somewhere in the neighbourhood of the elder Carews. In the interim, Kitty was wildly happy; she was even kind to the little ones. The family resources were strained to the utmost to provide the necessaries for the event. At last the day arrived. All went off well, and in the afternoon, to quote a newspaper account, "the happy pair left amidst a shower of rice for Folkestone, en route for the Continent."

Kitty's joy at Paris was unbounded. She simply revelled in the brightness and gaiety, and told Gerald she should like to live there. She would go shopping all day long and never seemed fagged or tired. He rather opened his eyes at the things she bought. Once he remonstrated with her about some absurdly extravagant purchase; but her reply was not quite pleasant, and Carew began to realise that his beautiful saint had a temper of her own. From Paris they went down to the Riviera. Here

Kitty was more in her element than ever. The frocks and hats she had brought from Paris were lavishly paraded before the public gaze. Three, four, and sometimes five times a day, would she rush up to her room and make a complete change of costume. Poor Gerald hated display, and still more the everlasting promenade. His wife's behaviour sometimes really jarred on him, but he was too loyal to own it even to himself. He tried to take her to see the country round, to go sailing or driving. At first she went, but did not disguise from him how it bored her. Then, she flatly refused to go altogether.

"Go by yourself, Gerald," she said one day when he begged her to go for some expedition. "It will do us both good to have a holiday, we see too much of each other."

Carew went. His wife's speech had hurt him more than he cared to own. Was she tiring of him? The thought was too terrible to entertain. No, it was all his fault. He did not make allowances for the complete change in Kitty's life; what privations she had endured, how delightful it must be for her to have the spending of a little money. He would try to understand her better, to enter in to her little joys and amusements more. She should have her fling now, his dear, sweet, little wife; afterwards, he knew she would settle down all right, when they were in their own home. Ah, that was the time he longed for, but their stay abroad should not be curtailed on his account.

He had been absent several hours, and when he returned to the town went straight to the chief jeweller's shop, and purchased a little diamond heart, that had been Kitty's admiration. Feeling happier than he had done for several days, he went back to the hotel. Knowing how pleased she would be with the present, he ran quickly up to their room. Kitty was sure to be there now, dressing for dinner. But no, it was empty, and its general untidiness told him she had already made her evening toilette. On the table lay a little note addressed to himself. He opened it hastily and read as follows:

Dear Gerald, I am dining with the Biddulphs at their Hotel, and afterwards we are going to

a dance at some friends of th-irs. Don't expect me till you see me. — Yours, KITTY."

The coolness of it all was the first thing that struck him. How could Kitty go without him to people like the Biddulphs, mere casual acquaintances of only a few weeks' standing. Then a great feeling of desolation swept over him. It must be true, that horrid fancy of his that morning. Kitty was getting tired of him; he evidently bored her. "Barely two months married," he said aloud, and shuddered. He had come in so happy, and had made up such a nice neat little speech to offer with his present. He reflected how she liked little complimentary speeches, how she had rallied him only the day before, on his never making her any, and how she had told him to take a lesson from Mr. Biddulph. Yes, he always managed to say pretty things. And now Kitty was with him listening in rapt attention to his clever pithy remarks. For the first time in his life, Gerald was jealous. He hated himself for entertaining the feeling, but argue it away he could not. He turned to the mantelpiece, and there caught sight of a letter from his father. He seized it with a sigh of relief, here at any rate was something to change the dismal current of his thoughts. It was short, and to the point. It told Gerald that he was spending far too much money, and that their foreign tour must be shortened. It went on to say that the writer had just sustained a very heavy-financial loss, and that they must all of them retrench for a little while. The letter ended with a brief caution to Gerald: "Keep off the tables, my boy, gambling is a snare."

What did it all mean? Gerald had always looked upon his father as a man of unbounded wealth. He had never troubled much about where the money came from, as long as there was always plenty to defray his own personal expenses. Then the allusion to gambling, so unlike his father, who never interfered with the amusements of his children. Had he been speculating? No, that was hardly likely. Poor Gerald was fairly overwhelmed. He sat down and hid his face in his hands. "How will Kitty take it? How will Kitty take it?" was the burden of his

thoughts. Then a ray of hope came to him. Perhaps after all it was not so bad as they anticipated; he would write at once to his father for further particulars, also to know if they were to come home at once.

In the meantime Mrs. Carew was thoroughly enjoying herself. Basking in the sunshine of Mr. Biddulph's very obvious admiration, listening to his sister's cheap, cynical remarks, she fancied herself at last in a really smart set. When she found time to give a thought to her husband, it was to reflect how old-fashioned he was, and how all his talk lacked that up-to-date crispness which characterised the simplest remarks of her host and hostess.

"How dear of you, Mrs. Carew," Biddulph languidly drawled, "to honour us this evening. Let us," he went on, lifting his glass and looking straight into Kitty's eyes, "let us drink to the queen of beauty."

Not quite knowing what to reply, Kitty merely smiled and blushed deliciously. Miss Biddulph too raised her glass, and nodding to Kitty said:

"That's quite too sweet of you, Percy; really if you weren't my own brother, I should fall in love with you myself."

"It is very kind of you both to say such nice things of me," returned Mrs. Carew; "it's so delightful to get a compliment occasionally."

"But the big, blonde husband," said Biddulph slowly, "so highly favoured among men, surely his life is one long theme of adoration?"

"Gerald thinks me vain and silly," sighed Kitty, "and has quite got out of the way of saying nice things."

"Of course he has," said Miss Biddulph (familiarily known as Billy), "why, didn't you tell me you had been married two months? What do you expect? Most men leave off all that sort of thing at the end of a week."

"Billy," said her brother, with mock severity, "don't pervert the innocent mind. This dear lady is young in the callousness of a hollow world. Ah!" he went on with a bold stare from his fine dark eyes, "if only I had been in the happy Gerald's place, my life should have been one long, sweet song,

praising the countless beauties of my queen."

"Percy," returned his sister, with a ladylike wink, "that is all sublimely sweet, but don't it strike you as being a trifle tall?"

Kitty did not understand Miss Biddulph's allusion, but she did the next best thing, — she *looked* as if she did.

Just then, a handsome, distinguished looking woman passed them and went out of the room.

"Ah! that is the Duchess of Dereham," said Billy, "such a quite charming woman; we must go and speak to her presently, Percy."

"Yes," replied her brother. "I'm glad she's here, so amusing, such a fund of deliciously *risque* stories."

Here be it told that neither of the Biddulph's had ever been introduced to "her grace," nor did she, in all probability, know of their existence. But the little social fib had precisely the effect the Biddulphs intended. Mrs. Carew was enormously impressed.

When Kitty at last returned to her hotel she found her husband pacing their room, still dressed in a tweed suit and with a face white and haggard.

"What, Gerald," she exclaimed nonchalantly, "not gone to bed yet? and surely you don't mean to say you dined in those clothes?"

"No, Kitty," he answered sadly, "I could not rest till you were safely back again; and I never thought about having dinner," he added nervously.

Mrs. Carew felt chilled. She had returned from her evening's amusement on such thoroughly good terms with herself and so satisfied about her growing intimacy with the Biddulphs, that Gerald's behaviour appeared to her strangely exaggerated and immediately roused her anger. She felt, too, just a little bit frightened. Her husband had never looked like that before. He quickly resolved to show a bold front, and assumed the air of an injured individual.

"It's really too absurd for anything," she began, kicking off a slipper to the other end of the room, "making such a fuss and martyring yourself simply because I dined for once away from you. It's a poor look out for our future happiness if you are to be always tied to my

apron strings." As her husband remained silent she went on: "You ought to be only too glad for me to know such people as the Biddulphs, so charming and so up-to-date. Besides they are really in a smart set, and will be most useful friends when we get back to England." Still getting no answer from her husband, Kitty became genuinely alarmed, and wondered if she had really gone too far. He stood with his back towards her, so she had not his face to go by. "I will cry," said Mrs. Carew to herself, "that will at any rate make him speak." "Oh Gerald, dear," she exclaimed in trembling accents, "don't, don't be so angry with me, I—I really didn't mean to annoy you," and she began to sob gently. Her husband turned swiftly and came towards her. He never could stand seeing a woman in tears, and least of all Kitty. For the second time within the last twenty-four hours he felt himself to be a perfect brute. She was so pretty too, his little wife, with her bodice off and her lovely hair loose about her neck and shoulders, and as she raised her big, blue, tear-stained eyes to his, he could only think of her as an innocent, irresponsible child.

"Darling," he murmured, taking her in his arms, "I am not angry with you. I love you so," he went on, "that what ever you did I could not be angry. I might perhaps be grieved," he added thoughtfully after a short pause, in which he did his best to comfort her. "No, dear one, I had rather an unpleasant letter, and it has somewhat upset me."

"Oh, is that all?" said Kitty disengaging herself with a sigh of relief. "Don't tell me about it till the morning, I'm so horribly tired."

She was quickly in bed and sleeping peacefully; but Gerald never closed his eyes, and was conscious of a new feeling of disappointment, keener than that caused by his father's intelligence. After breakfast Gerald read Kitty the letter. Just as he had finished and was wondering how his wife would take it, a telegram was handed to him. With many misgivings he tore it open and blankly gazed at the contents. Kitty impatiently snatched it from his hand and read as follows: "Affairs most serious, return immediately." She turned very pale,

and in a strange, hollow voice, quite unlike her usual merry tones, exclaimed:

"Oh Gerald, do say it is nothing really bad, that we have not lost our money, it would be too awful to be poor again."

"Dear girl, I know absolutely nothing more about the matter than you do," returned Carew miserably.

"Then you ought to have known," replied his wife unreasonably. "You had no business to marry me under false pretences. If it is really true, you will have spoilt my life." She got up, went to the window and beat a devil's tattoo on the panes.

Gerald was too hurt and wretched to reply. One sentence of hers burnt into his brain like fire—"You will have spoilt my life." At last with an effort he remarked:

"I'm afraid we must do as the telegram says; can you be ready to start this evening?"

"Oh, I can manage to be ready," returned Kitty coldly. "I suppose there's no need to blazon our poverty before the world," she went on. "I must go and say goodbye to the Biddulphs. I shall tell them we were wired for on account of illness." Without another word she left the room.

In that moment she hated her husband. She knew she had married him principally for his money, and now it seemed it was slipping away from him. She refused to reason it out in her own mind, she preferred to do him a cruel injustice. All his goodness, all his kindness to her, counted as nothing when balanced against his threatened poverty. An odious thought took possession of her, and as the idea evolved itself, even Kitty felt a tinge of remorse. Still, there it was, and she mechanically repeated to herself, "If it were not for Gerald, I might be Mrs. Biddulph." The man had a strange fascination for her apart from his wealth and position, and she came nearer loving him than any other being in the world. It was maddening to have to leave, just as she was getting to know them so well. She must not lose sight of them, she would ask Billy to write to her. With these thoughts in her mind she reached their hotel, and was shown up to their sitting-room. As

she entered, Biddulph, flinging his cigarette away, rose to greet her.

"This is indeed an honour, dear Mrs. Carew; Billy will be so sorry to miss you; she has gone on a sailing expedition and will not be home till late."

"Oh then I will not stay," returned Kitty, belying her words by sinking into

this morning summoning us home; his father is dangerously ill."

"I am indeed sorry for you, but still, dear lady, my greatest sorrow must be for myself. After to-day, the sun will cease to shine for me till once again I come within the radiance of your presence."



"SURELY YOU CANNOT MEAN YOU ARE LEAVING US"

a comfortable chair. "I came to see your sister to say goodbye."

"To say goodbye, dear lady," exclaimed Biddulph, for once roused from his languid composure. "Surely you cannot mean you are leaving us? It is horribly sudden."

"It is only too true," replied Kitty dolefully. "My husband has had a wire

"Oh, Mr. Biddulph," simpered Kitty, looking down and playing with her wedding ring, "you ought not really to say such things to an old married woman." Then smiling sweetly up into his face: "You quite spoil me for the stern and practical realities of life."

"I am not likely to forget you are married Mrs. Carew, would to God I

could. Unpleasant facts have a horrid knack of persistently forcing themselves on the memory." He came towards her, and seating himself on a low chair took her hand.

"Kitty," he said, and it did not strike her oddly that he should use her Christian name, "you will write to me and tell me how you are, and where and when you will see me again. I shall count the hours till we meet like this once more." She tried to speak, but could make no sound, so contented herself by gently pressing his hand.

"I love you, Kitty, sweetest and fairest, with a love that is strong and deep, not the cold, poor substitute your husband dignifies with that name, but with the whole power and strength of my being. Darling," he went on, seizing her by the shoulders and compelling her gaze, "are you too cold like he is, have you no warmth, no little thought for me?" Still she could not answer, but gazed like one fascinated into his eyes. She shuddered, and at last found her voice.

"You must let me go," she said softly and slowly; "it is very wrong to talk like this." She sighed helplessly, but did not move.

"Wrong or right, I cannot help it. Why should one man have everything, and another nothing. What has Gerald done to be so happy? Oh, Kitty, say you care a little bit, and give me just one kiss."

"If I did care," sobbed Mrs. Carew, "it's all too late now; and oh, I am so miserable."

"Dearest, then you do love me," exclaimed Biddulph triumphantly, and he laid his lips to hers. "We shall be happy yet; but not just now," he added under his breath.

"I really must go," said Kitty after a pause; "Gerald will be coming to look for me."

"And that would hardly do," broke in Biddulph. "Cheer up little woman and write to me directly you reach home; you will never be out of my thoughts, my beautiful queen." Once more he kissed her, and without another word she left the room.

To do Kitty justice, be it said, she felt ashamed of herself, and a hot, deep blush suffused her face. "After all,"

she said to herself, "it will make no difference to Gerald, and I need never write or see Percy again. He will soon forget all about me." But somehow this last sentence did not bring her any comfort, she could not help owing to herself that she did not want him to forget. She reached her own room feeling like one in a dream, and fervently hoping her husband would be absent. To her relief, he had gone out and she had time to compose herself before his return. When he came in again, Kitty delivered herself of a carefully rehearsed little speech. Going up to him and putting her arms round his neck she said softly:

"Gerald, I am sorry I said what I did, of course it is very hard to bear, but we must try and make the best of it."

Once more Carew was vanquished, and fully and freely forgave his wife, thinking at the same time how sweet her nature really was, though perhaps a trifle too impulsive.

That evening as they reached the station, they saw both the Biddulphs waiting for them.

"We could not let you leave, dear Mrs. Carew," exclaimed Billy, "without coming here to wish you *bon voyage*."

"And to ~~my~~," went on her brother, "that we hope it will be *Au revoir* and not goodbye."

"You are both very kind," said Gerald, "and you must look us up, you know, when you return to England."

The men exchanged cards, Billy talking noisily all the time. Kitty was silent, and hoped they would not notice how nervous she was. At last the train started, and the last thing they saw as they steamed out of the station was Percy Biddulph standing hat in hand with his sad eloquent eyes fixed on their retreating carriage.

"The man's not a bad sort," exclaimed Gerald; "but I think he's rather mashed on you. It's a good thing we are going away. The sister's a bit too noisy."

His wife said nothing, but busied herself assiduously with her travelling bag.

As the Biddulphs walked back, Billy began with characteristic bluntness:

"Well, Percy, how goes it? Do you really think they are worth taking any trouble about?"

"As I told you before, Billy," replied

her brother, "Carew (muff that he is) can be very useful to me in the election, when I mean to stand for his division. His father, I know for certain, has great weight in the county."

"Oh, if that's all, fire away," rejoined Miss Biddulph, "I rather fancied you were getting too keen on Kitty."

"One must keep in with the wife in order to influence the husband," returned her brother; "she's a pretty little doll of a thing, and will swallow any amount of flattery. Besides she amuses me; I like to see her open her big, baby eyes. Yes, Billy, perhaps after all," drawled Biddulph, "I am a little bit taken with her."

"Then do be straight this time, Percy, and leave her alone. The husband's a fool, but he's a good fool; and it wouldn't take much persuasion to get her to drive herself to the devil."

"Billy, I extremely regret the coarseness of your metaphors. Let us close the subject."

"So be it," she replied, and casually nodding her brother good night, went up to her own room.

When Gerald and Kitty reached home, they found that things were even worse than they had anticipated. Old Mr. Carew had been speculating, much money was lost, and the estate was heavily mortgaged. This state of things had been going on for some time, but only just lately had the old gentleman been obliged to tell his family. The place had to be sold, and it was at last decided that Gerald and Kitty were to live in a small house on the estate, while the rest of the family went abroad to retrench. It was an awful blow to them all, but Gerald suffered perhaps more than any of them. His wife scarcely spoke to him, but contrived to tell him twice during the first wretched week of their trouble that "he had spoilt her life."

The little house, or rather cottage, was soon furnished, and Kitty and Gerald began housekeeping as best they could on a sum considerably under £400 a year. It was suggested that Mrs. Carew should go to London and stay with her own people for a time, but this she resolutely refused to do.

"Never will I go back to* them," she cried vehemently. "It would have been bad enough when I was rich, it would be

simply unbearable now." Her only comfort was a letter from Biddulph. She had written telling him all, and begging him to come and see her, as soon as he returned to England. His reply had been sympathetic in the extreme, but he did not hint at the possibility of a speedy meeting. She believed he truly worshipped her, and never doubted but that for Gerald, she would have become his wife. The feeling of resentment against her husband increased daily; and he was not slow to read the signs aright. Once, in a fit of anger, she told him that Biddulph loved her, and that she returned his attachment. She was frightened as soon as the fatal words had passed her lips, and tried to pretend she had not really meant them. But it was too late, they had taken deep root in her husband's soul, and bore a fruit she little dreamed of, at no very distant date.

Their life just now was the acme of wretchedness. Kitty was apathetic, and took not the slightest interest in household matters. Her one interest seemed centred in the postman. Gerald was heartbroken. His love for his wife was unalterable, though his disappointment in her character was keen. "You have spoilt my life, you have spoilt my life" haunted him like some evil dream. Everything seemed to tell him the same tale, and he knew that Kitty loved him no more.

About a month later Mrs. Carew had a letter which caused her considerable annoyance, and which she did not think expedient to show to her husband. It was from Percy Biddulph, and though kindly, yea even lovingly expressed, told her that he had decided to take the grand tour round the world. He went on to say how deeply he regretted being unable to run down and see her, but that time was short and there was much to do. He further stated that he should probably be away for two years, but hoped on his return to find her as charmingly fascinating as ever.

Kitty was cut to the heart, if such a frivolous butterfly creature could be said to possess the organ. She loved Percy after her selfish, vain fashion, and what was more, she believed implicitly in his love for her. It was a cruel blow, especially as she remembered having only

lately told Gerald about Biddulph's affection. She immediately decided never to let her husband know of her lover's defection.

A few days after the receipt of Kitty's letter, Gerald came to her one morning and asked if she had any objection to his going for a sail.

"I think it would clear some of the

unwittingly brought on you. Forgive me dear, if you can," he went on, stooping to kiss her. But she turned her face away and yawned, vouchsafing him no further answer. At the door he stopped and with a world of dumb entreaty in his eyes gazed upon her. "Goodbye Kitty, dear Kitty," he said, "God bless and keep you."



MRS. CAREW HAD A LETTER WHICH CAUSED HER
CONSIDER THE ANNOYANCE

cobwebs from my brain," he said, "to go for a good long blow."

"Of course I have no objection," she answered, "life is equally dull with or without your presence in the house, you scarcely speak now."

"I am sorry, Kitty," he replied in a weary, sad voice. "Sorry for that, and sorry for all the other trouble I have

He softly opened the door and was gone. Without turning back or stopping, he walked briskly down to the little harbour, and with kind, cheery words for the loitering fishermen, speedily got his boat under way. The morning was bright and crisp, and a very strong breeze was blowing from the shore. His boat was a small half-decked

one, cutter rigged and easily managed by a single person. He stood straight out to sea, and in an hour's time was already several miles from land. He gazed carefully around him, and catching sight of no other boat ejaculated fervently "Thank God." Then kneeling down he lifted two wooden planks that formed the floor, and took out from the hole beneath several bars of iron. One by one he threw them into the sea, and as the last heavy piece fell from his trembling hands, he murmured: "It will be all right for her now, she will marry Biddulph and be happy, she can never imagine it was anything but an accident." Once more he stood up, and eagerly drank in the pure sweet air. The sun shone brightly, and the dancing, blue waves seemed crested with diamonds. Suddenly he moved the helm, and brought the boat up

on the wind. Then he tightened the main sheet, and knotted it firmly to an iron hook. He moved the anchor from its accustomed place, and laying it across his knees, sat down and waited.

"It can't be long now," he whispered, "with her ballast gone, and her sheet made fast, she could never right herself."

He looked earnestly and longingly towards the land.

Presently he saw it approaching swiftly and darkly across the water, that cruel black squall, that was to launch him into Eternity.

"Kitty, my God," he cried and closed his eyes. It was but the work of a few seconds, and the little raft was floating keel upwards. Some fishermen found her that evening and towed her into port; but no one ever again looked upon the features of Gerald Carew.





KAFFIR GIRL.

Kaffirs and their Ways

WRITTEN BY JAMES CASSIDY.

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

THE term "Kaffir," signifying "infidel," was contemptuously applied by the Mohammedan Arabs to all the dark races of Africa, and it was adopted by the first Europeans who came in contact with the tribes on the eastern border of the Cape Colony. The national name of these tribes was "Ama-Khosa," or sons of "Xosa," the great chief from whom they claim unbroken descent through twelve or thirteen generations. About 250 years ago, when the earliest European settlers appeared in Table Bay, the proud sons of Xosa crossed the Kei River and invaded the country of the Hottentots, a race to whom they are physically superior, and with whom they frequently inter-married, so com-

mencing the amalgamation of the two races.

An excellent description of a Kaffir is given by Dr. G. M. Theal,* in his delightful little book, "Kaffir Folk-Lore." The Doctor says:—"The Kaffir of the coast region is a model of a well-formed man. In general he is large, without being corpulent, strong, muscular, erect in bearing, and with all his limbs in perfect symmetry. His skull is shaped like that of a European, but here the resemblance ends, for his colour is a deep brown, and his hair is short and

* Dr. Theal is one of the greatest living authorities on Kaffirs and their customs. He is at present in this country, and engaged on important public work connected with South Africa.

woolly. His intellectual abilities are of no mean order, and his reasoning powers are quite equal to those of a white man. He is haughty in demeanour, and possesses a large amount of vanity. For anything approaching frivolity he has a supreme contempt. The men are handsomer than the women, which is owing to the difference in their mode of living."

Before the white man and his finery first appeared in South Africa the Kaffir was content to get his wardrobe from the skins of animals, formed into a square mantle the size of a large blanket.

are strong and well-thatched with reeds or grass, and a very large size is twenty-five feet in diameter, and seven or eight feet in height at the centre or highest point. To get within the hut one must needs go down on hands and knees, but this, for a Kaffir, is "good form."

Should any reader wish to make a Kaffir floor in his own residence, or even in his arbour, let him procure some ant-heaps, and then proceed to moisten them with water and knead them with a round stone. Allow this unique mixture to set hard, and then paint with an "enamel" of cow-dung and water.



KAFFIRS AT THE LOCATION

The chiefs and the principal councillors reserved for their own use leopard-skins. The matrons wore short leather petticoats at all times, but men and children discarded all clothes in warm weather.

When first found by the white man it was their practice to rub their bodies, to protect them from the sun—as many of them do now—with red clay and fat, the effect produced being that of polished bronze. The native Kaffir huts along the coasts are shaped to-day much as they were three hundred years ago—the form, a beehive. The frames

The Kaffir woman is very proud of her fireplace, which is really better described as a series of fire-circles. In the centre of the floor a band or ring is raised an inch or two in height, and from three to four feet in diameter. The enclosed space is slightly hollowed. Sometimes three bands are used to enclose the fire-circle, each differently coloured. Around this circle mats are spread in the evening, and upon them the inmates lie down to rest, each with his feet towards the centre. What does it matter to the Kaffir that above his head the roof is glossy with soot, and

that on every side swarm vermin? He and his family are not fastidious.

The principal wealth of the sons of Xosa is horned cattle. Great care and skill are bestowed on the training of these animals, which may be said to be highly intelligent and accomplished beasts. They are taught to obey signals, as for instance to recognise a certain call or whistle, and to run home. An English squire of the olden days prided himself upon the good qualities of his blood horses, and a true Kaffir of the olden days, were he of any note, took an equal pride in his racing oxen, for was not ox-racing connected with all festivities?

Four hundred years have elapsed since the Kaffirs first came in contact with civilisation, and little change has taken place in the condition of the great majority, except, perhaps, where the authority of the white people has modified their customs. "The strong desire of much the greater number," says Dr. Theal, "is to live as closely like their ancestors as the altered circumstances of the country will permit; to make use of a few of the white man's simplest conveniences and of his protection against their enemies, but to avoid his habits and shut out his ideas." Is it owing to this trait that the white

missionaries make so little headway? The Governor of the Cape of Good Hope in 1847, writing to the Home Government, said, "I have seen as yet little proof, if any, of the changes wrought in the natives by our missionaries. Even their residences are the same wretched huts they were a century ago; they cultivate maize and Kaffir-corn and pumpkins, as they did probably before the Cape of Good Hope was discovered, but they have nothing neat, or tidy or useful. They neither know the use of a net or a fish hook. They have no fruit trees—for which the soil and climate appear to be peculiarly adapted; no gardens—in which every description of vegetables, foreign or indigenous, would be certain to flourish. Their huts are stuck down at random, surrounded by filth and cattle, and the inhabitants, of all ages and both sexes, are seen lolling in groups in the sun in a state of almost perfect nudity. If this be a true picture in the vicinity of this long-established station, what, I ask, can be anticipated in other places? I trust I may find things improved elsewhere, but I am led to declare—from all I have seen and heard—that no advancement has yet been made towards civilising or Christianising the Kaffirs and other border tribes, as nations. Individuals



CHILDREN EATING

may have benefited, but the mass of the people are as we found them, with some of our worst vices added to their innate ones."

The Resident-Magistrate in Griqualand East, nearly forty years later, wrote, "To all outward appearance, and from a civilised point of view, it might be supposed that the natives of mission stations bear a higher character than

tion—are beds of iniquity. . . . The mission station people form a distinct class, and are looked upon with contempt by the red heathen."

The late King of Zululand, Cetewayo, complained just before the war of 1879, that "if one of my subjects does anything wrong he at once goes to a mission station and says he wishes to become a Christian; if he wants to run away with a girl he becomes a Christian; if he wishes to be exempted from serving me he puts on clothes and is a Christian; and if a man is an evil-doer he becomes a Christian."

It is as well to remember that Kaffir laws and customs have grown out of the requirements of the people, and are suitable to the people who live under them. Take, for instance, the Kaffir Marriage Law and the system of dowry. A large section of the British public suppose that the Kaffir women are looked upon as mere chattels, and that they are sold or bought like beasts of burden. Such, in reality, is not the case. The dowry given for a woman represents not her market value but a security placed in the hands of her friends for her good treatment. It is also looked upon as a ratification of the marriage, and, in effect, it is the woman's safeguard against ill-usage. For instance, supposing a woman left her husband on account of bad treatment and refused to return to him, he would probably lose all or a portion of the dowry he has given for her if it could be shown that she had good and substantial cause for leaving him. It is therefore to his interest to treat her well.

Then, again, with regard to the Kaffir Law of Inheritance: When a man dies the eldest son of the "Great House" (the "house" of the chief wife) inherits the property, excepting such property as the father may, during his lifetime, assign to the other families. As a rule, when a native takes a wife he sets aside a certain number of cattle for the main-



KAFFIR WOMAN

the heathen. They dress in European clothing, attend divine service with more or less regularity, send their children to school, and pay great deference outwardly to the missionary, and pride themselves upon being called Christians; but it is a melancholy fact that mission stations as a rule—and I do not know that those in this district are an excep-

tenance of the woman and her children. At his death these cattle go to the eldest son of that house. The "Great" son takes the place of his father, and assumes his rights over the other members of the other families.

Turning over the pages of a volume dealing with Kaffir native customs, published by direction of the Cape Government, we chanced on a romantic little story leaving scope for the working of the imagination. It concerns the descendants of Europeans supposed to have been wrecked on the coast of Kaffraria. "Before I was born," deposed Xelo, a Christian headman, "an English lady came to this part of Africa. The ship was wrecked, and she arrived in a small boat which was brought into the mouth of the Umtala. The Kaffirs took her and made her the 'great wife' of the chief Samgo, by whom she had two sons and several daughters. . . .

This lady's children were yellow in colour, having long hair and blue eyes." The second son of the chief and the English lady, was, it appears, well known to the headman, and on one occasion told him that "there was a great gathering at his father's place when the woman with the white face first came, and much wonder and surprise were felt. The people asked her where she came from, and she pointed with her finger towards the sea, signifying that she came from a country in that direction. She could not speak Kaffir, and she wore European clothing. The people slaughtered a beast, and with its skin made the white lady a kaross. She was made the first wife of the chief. She said that her name was 'Bess.' They taught her Kaffir, which she learned to speak well afterwards. Several slaves were with her in the boat—black people with long hair. I myself married a girl descended from one of these slaves, and I had three children. She did not like me, and I afterwards married a girl of my own nation. Umdepa said that the country these people came from was a cold place. Umdepa himself was a nice gentleman. He had a long nose, blue eyes, a yellow complexion, and long hair. He was a very old man when he died, nearly a hundred years of age, and we buried him. He was a very good



KAFFIR WOMAN RETURNING HOME

gentleman, and much liked by the white people. Umdepa had no ornament, or anything belonging to his mother, as, according to Kaffir custom, all effects belonging to persons dying are destroyed. I never heard Umdepa say where his mother was buried, and I have never heard of any other white woman here. The great grandchildren and female descendants of Umdepa are much sought after, at the present time, by chiefs, as wives, because these women are regarded as being wise, and friendly to the white people. . . . The people found the lady at the mouth of the river on dry land; no white man had come in the small boat with her. The Chief, Samgo, heard of her arrival through some of his people living on the coast, who brought him word that a white-face had come out of the water. It was the first white-face that these Kaffirs had ever seen." It is said that Umdepa had a white son by a black wife, but that a white man came, and after asking all about the boy, took him away to the colony, promising his father, Umdepa, that his son should be restored to him. This, however, was never

done; the lad was never brought back.

The story told, we now pass on to consider the great New Year's Feast of the Zululand Kaffirs. This is held in January (Masingana). It is the feast of thanksgiving for the mealie crops. It is at this feast that the king or chief declares any law he may wish made known to the country. The word *U'masinga* (= January), is derived from *U'kusinga*, which signifies to look about, because at this time the people look about in their gardens to see whether the pumpkins are bearing. The late Cetewayo, describing this feast, tells how certain young men are set on to a fierce bull to overpower it without any weapon. When the bull has been overpowered, it is finally killed by means of a chopper being plunged behind the skull. It is then cut up and given over to boys, who roast and eat all they can. Everything that remains pertaining to the

bull is burnt to ashes and then buried. Cetewayo's medicine doctor used to take the gall of the bull, mix it up with different sorts of medicine, and give a little to the king, in order that his majesty should be strong and well.

When a burial takes place amongst the native Zulus, the same ceremony is observed, whether the deceased was rich or poor, great or common, the only difference being that the grave of a great personage is made into a nicer shape than that of a common person. A wooden fencing is erected round the grave, and every year when the grass is being burnt, there are men to see that the grass on or near to the grave is not burnt. Sometimes when a great chief loses his wife or a member of his family, people from far and near drive cattle to him, with which presentation they hope to console him; and at such a time people with grudges against one another kill one another without further provo-



KAFFIR DOCTOR

cation. This is intended as an expression of condolence with the bereaved chief.

It is not by any means "all play and no work" for the Kaffir men of Zululand. They must make kraals, construct huts, dig corn-holes, clear the bush from the ground which is about to be cultivated, herd cattle, make spoons, baskets, and buckets, and if of the humbler ranks, assist the women in their arduous duties of hoeing and weeding.

A Kaffir woman's work consists in cultivating, reaping, getting wood and water, cooking, making matting for covering huts, making mats for sleeping on, making *izilula*, i.e., a large sort of

but very rarely occurs. A father has, by Kaffir law, unlimited authority over his children, even the power of life and death. A parent is liable for the misdeeds of his children, and the liability continues, unless the father renounces publicly the incorrigible child. A man's daughter may be seized or taken as security for a fine.

In conclusion, we devote a few lines to a description of our illustrations of Kaffir life on the eastern frontier of the Cape Colony. These, within a little, tell their own tale.

The first picture shows a Kaffir girl, dressed in a cotton blanket, made red



KAFFIRS ON THE MOVE

grass receptacle for putting corn in, cleaning up the house, and having everything to do with the food; and, above all, cultivating and reaping.

As mothers, the Zulu Kaffirs compare very favourably with the mothers of Christian England. They are devoted to their children, and always take the greatest care of them, however sickly or deformed they may be. As an instance of the nice feeling of the Zulus for cripples, we quote Cetewayo's assertion, that "They"—the Zulus—"always take great care not even to laugh at a deformed person."

Infanticide is looked upon as a very contemptible crime by the natives, and

with red clay and fat, and ornamented very finely with white porcelain buttons. Her collar is of bead-work.

The second illustration portrays Kaffirs at work at the location, some are carrying wood, while others are stamping "mealies"—that is Indian corn or maize, which yields good food both for man and beast. Throughout the border and in the Kaffrarian districts especially, where it enjoys the summer rainfall, it is largely cultivated. Kaffir-corn or millet is chiefly raised by the natives. Potatoes and all kinds of European root crops, vegetables, and pot herbs do well, and can be grown all the year round.

Our third photograph depicts six Kaffir children eating a breakfast of boiled "mealies." They certainly appear to flourish well on their simple fare. They have two meals a day, a slight breakfast in the morning, and a substantial repast at sunset. "Boys in early youth," says Dr. Theal, "are permitted to eat any kind of meat, even that of wild cats and other carnivora, but when they reach the age of maturity the flesh of all unclean animals is rejected by them. They use no kind of fish as an article of diet, and call them all snakes without distinction."

The fourth photograph introduces us to a hard-working Kaffir woman. On her head she carries a dish of sheep's head; in her left hand a dish of boiled rice; in her right hand a bucket half-filled with water.

The fifth illustration is of a Kaffir woman returning home from field-work, carrying on her back her child, and in her hands a dish. On her head is a blanket.

Of quite different style is the sixth

picture. It shows a Kaffir doctor at home, with his cap of monkey-tails. Though the witch-finder has disappeared by Act of Parliament, it would seem that his fantastic attire has not wholly vanished with him. This doctor, in all probability, is skilful in the use of herbs and well acquainted with different kinds of poisons. To judge by the professional gentleman's dress, he is exceedingly fond of finery.

The seventh and last picture gives a good idea of a Kaffir household's removal. Certainly, the "Pantechicon" is conspicuous by its absence, but what need for such when brave shoulders and brawny arms are available? In the centre of the photo stands the ubiquitous "bike," but this is possibly the property of the equally ubiquitous photographer. It not infrequently happens that the superstitions of the Kaffirs require them to remove their residences when a man of importance dies in the neighbourhood. From this it may be inferred that removals are not by any means of rare occurrence.



IN EARLY SPRING

As I went out in early Spring,
A blackbird sang beside my gate.
I would not stop to hear him sing—
His heart seemed so disconsolate.

And I had risen from my rest,
As though my rest had been a load,
To find that Failure—ugly guest!—
Had visited my Hope's abode.

I never felt the air was sweet,
I never saw the sky was new,
Till, suddenly, across the street
The sun shone—and I met with you!

You laughed—your laugh was more than glad—
Because I called the world unfair;
You laughed because I looked so sad,
You laughed . . . to show you did not care.

But, lo! it flashed upon me, when
Your eyes glanced through your laughter's veil,
That I was happiest of men,
That there was no such word as *fail*.

As I went home in early Spring,
A blackbird sang beside my gate.
I stayed awhile to hear him sing:
His heart—my heart—was so elate!



IV.—THE QUEEN'S WINTER HOME

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

CIMIEZ. BEHIND the town of Nice, superbly situated, and overlooking the wide valley of the Paillon, is the suburb of Cimiez, which has, of late, become one of the most fashionable quarters on the Riviera. During the past year or two the place has come into note by reason of the Queen's annual visit, and the fact that the air there is pronounced by doctors to be most beneficial has induced a large number of persons to build villas in that high-up quarter whence a magnificent view can be obtained of the Alps, and the sapphire Mediterranean. As is generally known, the Queen has a suite of apartments in the Hotel Excelsior, a colossal white building, erected three years ago, and facing due south, one of the finest hotels in the whole of the Azure Coast. To get there, one takes an electric tram which starts from the Avenue de la Gare, in the centre of Nice, and travels by easy stages—so easy that I got out several times and walked—up the hill of Carabacel, and in twenty minutes or so we pass the Riviera Palace, the large hotel of the International Sleeping Car Company, and at last, at a sudden turn

of the road, we pass along the magnificent façade of the gigantic Excelsior. It is a garish-looking place, with its dead-white walls and windows, its great expanse of glass, and its inartistic air of newness. Indeed, its exterior strikes one as being rather bare and barren. It is only when inside that we are struck by its magnificence, and we see how its internal arrangements are the very acme of modern comfort. Her Majesty always crosses the Channel to Cherbourg, and travels by her own special train direct to Nice, accompanied by her secretary, her ladies-in-waiting, her munshi, her Scotch servant, and those charged with her personal safety. Great crowds of the Niçois, together with the English colony, assemble in the station-yard, and as Her Majesty steps from the train she is always met and welcomed by the Mayor of Nice, M. Sauvan, Sir James Harris, the British Consul, and several other officials. A lady usually presents the Queen with a bouquet, and she is then lifted into her open carriage while the band of one of the Alpine regiments plays the British National Anthem, a tune, by the way, which never fails to stir the heart of the Englishman who

lives in a continental country. The great crowd cheer lustily in French and in English, the smart out-rider starts forth, and the carriages set out at a quick pace down the eucalyptus-lined Avenue de la Gare towards the Queen's winter home. However Anglophobe may be the feeling in other parts of France, it is certain that in Nice both nations are in good accord. Everything is done by the authorities to secure our gracious Sovereign's safety, health, and comfort. For weeks before her arrival the town is swept and garnished, the

while Her Majesty is in residence the royal standard is hoisted upon the turret shown in the accompanying photograph. One day last season while Her Majesty was out on her usual afternoon drive, I was afforded by an official friend an opportunity of inspecting the royal apartments. The day-rooms were, I found, on the first floor, and are shown here by the awnings. The drawing-room, a big sunny apartment, facing full south, is decorated and furnished very tastefully but without extreme luxury, save perhaps for the



THE QUEEN'S WINTER HOME

roads of Her Majesty's favourite drives are put in repair, and in order to prevent too much dust fresh water is allowed to run along the gutters night and day. In military circles in Nice there is always much bickering as to which regiment shall have the honour of guarding Her Britannic Majesty, and the lot generally falls to those smart Alpine Chasseurs, who in their blue jackets, knee-breeches and soft blue *berets*, carry an alpenstock with their rifle, one of the smartest, if not the very smartest corps in France.

The Queen's apartments consist of the left wing of this colossal building, and

magnificent collection of pictures that hang there, while the same may be said of the Queen's private sitting-room, wherein is placed her business-like writing table—the table at which she works for so many hours a day attending to the affairs of her great and scattered empire. This table, whereupon stood one or two highly-prized photographs, was littered with state documents which had, an hour before been brought beneath seal by the special messenger from London. Her chair and footstool stood there just as she had vacated them, and her pen lay aside, for my guide—a gentleman occupying a confidential position in the royal household—in-

formed me that she had for over three hours been engaged in reading and signing documents, and that that was a short day's work, for she was sometimes engaged five or even six hours. With a messenger arriving from London daily and one departing each day by the three o'clock *rapide* Her Majesty has, even while on her annual holiday, no cessation from those labours which she has for so many years carried out with such care, discretion and forethought. Throughout the whole day, in the vicinity of the small green gateway where the Alpine sentry stands on guard, there is always a crowd of curious French people waiting to catch sight of "La Reine." From the first moment of Her Majesty's entry into her winter abode a stream of people, representatives of English and French society, flock into the lodge of the old French *concierge* to inscribe their names in the visitors' book, while idling about are those constant ever-watchful detectives from Paris who make it impossible for any person unknown to pass further inside than the porter's door.

The precautions taken for the Queen's personal safety in Nice are very elaborate. They are made by that

most trusted of the Queen's servants Mr. Superintendent Fraser, of Scotland Yard, in conjunction with M. Paoli, the chief of the detective service at the Gare de Lyon, in Paris. Both are extremely smart police officers, and the manner in which they work, having English and French detectives on duty both day and night, is admirable. Superintendent Fraser is a man who is personally acquainted with all those "cranks" who have a burning desire to seek audience of the Queen; while M. Paoli has for quite a number of years been engaged in keeping his eye upon Anarchists and undesirable gentlemen of that description. Therefore no fear need ever be felt that while in Nice our Queen can come to harm, or that the recent tragedy which threw the Austrian Court into mourning can be repeated. Many times has Her Majesty made gracious acknowledgment to Mr. Fraser for his untiring astuteness. He is her personal protector; a tall well-set-up muscular man, a veritable tower of strength, who, as he strolls about chatting here and there in his immaculate silk hat and frock-coat is often taken by the open-mouthed Niçois for some prince or great English magnate. Indeed he possesses a princely air, possibly acquired from those Royal Highnesses who salute him so cheerily as



THE QUEEN ON HER WAY OUT

they enter, and who chat so amiably with him. Indeed, I have more than once seen the heir to the British throne crack a joke with the ever-faithful Fraser. But the latter has a most difficult task. There are many people with high-sounding titles who enter there and desire to send their cards to the Queen. Yet to all those he raises his hat, and is most polite, even effusive in his expression of regrets, yet he "chokes off" the cranks with a diplomacy worthy an Ambassador. Of all the Queen's household no man is more in Her Majesty's confidence than Mr. Fraser, as is shown by the various handsome presents she has from time to time made him.

dew, which is supposed to be deleterious to health. But this seems not to trouble her, and she will go on long drives into the mountains, not returning until it is almost dark. On passing out upon these drives she mostly takes a road which traverses the Roman ruins of what was once a Temple of Apollo. The picture herewith is a snap-shot of Her Majesty on her way out driving with her favourite pair of greys. There are a number of drives of which she is very fond, and she will do them over and over again. To the picturesque village of Falicon—of which I give a photograph—is one of the first excursions she takes, and very often,



THE MONASTERY AT CIMIEZ

Each morning, while the Queen is at Cimiez, she drives in her little pony-chaise in the pretty grounds of the Villa Liserb, which adjoins, and is always lent to her by its owner. Then, after luncheon, she works at her table for a couple of hours, and afterwards takes her daily drive. Whatever may be the weather, she goes out, and at an hour when most other people have finished carriage exercise. At sun-down in Nice there is always a heavy

when the sun is sufficiently warm, tea utensils will be sent on ahead, and Her Majesty takes tea *al-fresco* under the shade of the olives on her way. She, of course, visits Lord and Lady Salisbury at their fine villa at Beaulieu, or drives along the Promenade des Anglais to the Château de Fabron, where one or other of the Royal family are usually staying. To Aspremont, to Colomars, or upon the old Corniche Road are her other favourite long excursions, while if her duties have kept her until too late, she will only make the short tour

by way of St.-André and its grotto, a spot well-known to every visitor to Nice.

The Queen is a very THE QUEEN AND keen observer when HER SUNSHADE. out driving. A story related of her—and I happen to know that it is true—runs as follows: The season before last, when driving one afternoon along the Avenue de la Gare, in Nice, she passed a cheap draper's, and there saw outside a string of black and white cotton sunshades, marked three francs (2s. 6d.). She pointed them out to Lady Antrim, who was with her, and, immediately on her return to Cimiez, sent one of her servants to purchase one of these cheap "lines." So pleased was she with this that she carried it daily all through the Riviera season, and the style became so fashionable that the expensive shops might have sold more than they could obtain. Other people, of course, went in for silks and satins. They believed that the Queen's parasol cost a considerable sum, never dreaming that it was an ordinary half-crown cotton one! So pleased, indeed, was Her Majesty with her purchase that she took it with her to Nice last year and carried it the whole of the second season. Many, too,

are the stories told of Queen Victoria's kindness to the poor and those who beg alms of her on her daily drive. Seldom, if ever, is a poor person sent empty away. In Nice the Queen of England is loved even by those rather cynical subjects of the Republic. Fashoda may have aroused evil blood against England, but against England's Queen no ill word is ever uttered. There was much regret expressed on every hand this year when, owing to the strained relations between the two countries it was believed that the Queen would not again come to her winter home. But sorrow at once gave place to joy when the official announcement was made that, this notwithstanding, she had expressed her intention of again spending March and April among the Niçois. True, she goes to Nice for bright air and to escape the rigour of our winter climate, but even on her holiday she has no relaxation from her heavy work. The affairs of State weigh upon her at Nice as constantly and as heavily as they do at Osborne, at Windsor, or at Balmoral. No woman has a more onerous office, no woman has a stricter sense of duty and of justice, and certainly no woman is more universally beloved. Even our would-be enemies the French are loud in her praises everywhere.



LORD SALISBURY'S VILLA AT BEAULIEU



WRITTEN BY NORA HOPPER. ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. GILLINGWATER

WHITE as the snow she was named for, O Yuki San laid by the silken sash she was folding, and faced her husband with eyes alight with a smouldering fire of anger.

"Surely it shall not be," she said. "Other women may stand by and bake cakes for their husbands' lights-o'-love, not I. Bring Haru here if you will, Kanjo, my lord; but if she comes house-mistress shall she be. I will not roll the cakes, or spread the quilts for her."

"My wife talks wildly now, and not like the honourable lady," Kanjo said, with an unpleasant smile on his good-looking face. "Did she dream of eating pears last night?" This dream was an omen of divorce, and O Yuki's lips lost their soft scarlet bloom as he spoke, for in Japan the marriage-union practically depends upon the man's good-humour; indeed, he can divorce his wife, if he chooses, at the smallest sign of "disobedience" or "talking too much." But there was fighting blood in her veins, and she lifted her pretty head proudly again. "So be it," she said, speaking more slowly and softly that her heart was wavering between cold

anger and hot tear. "Let Haru come, my lord, but I will neither bake nor brew while she sits on the mats that I have woven."

"Well hast thou woven the grass mats, wife, and well hast thou ordered the house—and that my mother says also. But I have no son to carry on my father's name. Art laughing, O Yuki San?"

"I laughed," said the pale wife bitterly, "to think of thy father's good name borne by a son of O Haru San's; and surely the gods with whom he is must be laughing too."

"Let them laugh," Kanjo said, flashing out from sulkiness into anger. "He laughs best who laughs last, wife: and I love Haru."

"My lord's love is like the wind's, that played yesterday with the tree-peony, and to-day with the chochin-no-hana (Canterbury bell.) And what will the lady Take say to my lord's new love?"

"My mother is my mother, and my wife my wife."

"And who will fill your new wife's place on the benches of the Yoshiwara? Lord, she will be sorely missed; she is so fair to see, they say."

"Fairer than thou wert ever, wife," Kanjo retorted. "She will be fairer in the gods' eyes, too, and she will bring me sons."

"Be not too sure of that, my lord. I have prayed long and given many gifts, and I have brought thee only daughters. O Haru San is fair and young and light, and her prayers will not be many, so it may be that the May feast will never see the purple fish floating from the bamboo pole beside thy house."

"Thou would'st not give me an evil wish after these seven years, O Yuki San? Have I not been kind mate to thee?"

"My lord has clothed me softly, and my daughters are richly lodged," O Yuki said wistfully. "But my lord has not loved me these seven years."

"What would you have, wife? I have borne a childless reproach long enough. And what need of all these words? O Haru shall not take your place; you shall lie richly and dress bravely still."

"She has taken my place already. But . . . if thou would'st wait a year, Kanjo? A year, and no more? Not much to thee it is, but to me 'tis a mighty gift. My year, Kanjo . . . wilt thou give it me, and Kwannon, perhaps, will hear and heed me at last?"

Kanjo hesitated, and looked away, playing nervously with his wide silk sleeve, where lay a perfumed letter from the woman of the Yoshiwara. A samisen tinkled softly behind the screens that shut off room from room, and a light voice began to sing:—

Alas and woe is me,

I have no more to say!

I am the earliest flowering tree,

I must away.

Before the cherry-tree grows white,

In a single night,

In a single night with its scented snow,

Death, to the earlier flower, says, "Come,"

I am the flower o' the plum;

Death calls me, and I go.

The light voice and the half-laughing melancholy of the words went gaily and gracefully together. A child's laugh broke in upon the last half of the melody, and Kanjo's eyes darkened to hear it; the gentle brown eyes watching his face darkened too at the sound, but with unshed tears and not with withheld anger.

"We have waited long enough," Kanjo said sharply, "And my mother desires to see my son before she dies; therefore make no more complaint, my wife. What is done, is done; and O Haru San comes here to-morrow night."

The blow had fallen now, and O Yuki San took it in silence, as should a noble lady of Japan.

Presently she said, very softly, "Thy mother's work this is, and thy mother will never see thy son, Kanjo; Jizo, god of little children, will surely strike her blind before he lies on O Haru's bosom."

"Art thou in league with foxes, then, O Yuki? Nay, nay, but we will safeguard them both from thee—babe and mother—when the time comes. My mother knows a many spells."

"May they safeguard them well! Will my lord give me leave to go, that I may prepare for our guest?"

"Go; but take heed, O Yuki, that there is no bitter drop in the saké, or amongst the crab-paste, for I will surely slay thee for any badger's trick played upon O Haru."

"I will take heed," O Yuki San said listlessly. "At what hour will the woman of the Yoshiwara come to my lord's house? At the Hour of the Bull?"

This is midnight, when all things of evil and mystery are abroad, and at the implied sneer Kanjo's brown face flushed dusky-red.

"She will come at sunset to-morrow," he said, "and my wife will receive her with all honour, or let my wife look to it."

"It shall be done," O Yuki said wearily. "Has my lord any more commands for me?"

"No; no more. You have my leave to go."

"I have his leave to go—" O Yuki said to herself later on, when her housewifely preparations were all completed, and she stood with burning cheeks and idly-folded hands between the mats where slept her two little daughters, Kiku and Ayame — Chrysanthemum and Iris.

"Poor little autumn flower!" she said, looking down at the baby Kiku. "What have you and I to do with the spring which is coming? Shall we go, Kiku, where the spring will scarcely find us?"

The elder girl woke at the sound of her mother's voice, and sat up, peering through the half-darkness at her mother's face, white as a pearl, now in the shadows, with all its angry colour faded away.

"Mother," she said timidly, "is all well, lady mother? It is not morning yet."

"No. The lotuses are all shut fast in

"No, daughter, my talk is fit for the dark. Is Kiku afraid of her mother, then? Come to me, then, my little one." With the sleepy child nestling to her, she turned and felt through the darkness for Ayame's cold little hand. "Dear child, I have two gifts for you and Kiku, and you must choose between them. A new mother or a new father—which?



"AND THE TIME OF HER GOING WAS THE HOUR OF THE BULL."

the pond. Go to sleep again, Ayame. —No," and her voice altered sharply, "wake and rise, and listen. I have a gift for you, my daughter."

"It is dark, mother," Ayame said, with something like fear fluttering in her voice, "and Kiku is so little that she is afraid to hear voices in the dark. May I light the lamp, my mother?"

Speak quickly—which?" Ayame's hand turned colder yet in her mother's feverish clasp. "A new father, O my mother. Kiku is so little that she does not understand; but I—Mother, my grandmother talked to me to-day, and she said cruel things; and I choose a new father for both of us." Ayame's voice was lost in tears now, but she went on,

though brokenly. "Shall I light the lamp, now, my mother? It will not be dawn for an hour yet."

"No, daughter, there is light enough for me. Didst bathe before ye slept to-night? and what prayers prayed ye?"

"We bathed, my mother, and we prayed to Jizo, lover of little children, as we always do. Is Kiku asleep?"

"Yes. Go to the sliding cupboard in the wall yonder, Ayame, and bring me hither my obi of yellow silk that I have never worn; and make haste, my daughter." They made haste, indeed; and very soon O Yuki had finished the last work left for her to do in her

husband's house. There had not been a sound loud enough to break the restless slumbers of Kanjo in the next chamber; yet when his wife left the room she left behind her two children, to whom she had given a new father indeed—Emma San, the Master of Death. Girls are not of much importance—or were not then—in Japan, and there was no hue and cry made after O Yuki when Kanjo found his two little dead daughters next morning. So softly, like the snow, her namesake, O Yuki San melted away from house and kindred, and her place knew her no more. And the time of her going was the Hour of the Bull.





“ Australia ”

WRITTEN BY GODFREY BOSVILE. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

WHEN the literature of a colony has a strongly-marked individuality, it is quite worth studying—though, perhaps, not entirely for its own sake.

The poetry, as likely as not, is only second-rate; and the prose does not rise much higher than mediocrity. Yet the observant reader will gain a fairly accurate insight into the manners and customs of that particular colony, which might otherwise never be obtained.

Now, let us consider what author and poet strike the key-note of Australian sentiment. Immediately we conjure up the names of Rolf Boldrewood and the daring poet steeplechase-rider, Adam Lindsay Gordon.

In “Robbery Under Arms”—the best type of Australian novel—the wicked hero of the tale was drawn from life. Starlight, as he was called, had many points of resemblance with Dick Turpin and Claude Duval—all lovable scamps of a refined order.

But whoever has read Boldrewood's story of life and adventure in the bush

and in the goldfields of Australia, must have been struck with a certain reckless spirit that runs through the book, from the opening page to the pathetic end. This independence of thought and action is characteristic of Englishmen who have made Australia their home.

The following is a case in point, out of “Robbery Under Arms”; it refers to an incident in Starlight's wild career:—
“Here he rode on, and never opened his mouth again till we began to rise the slope at the foot of Nulla Mountain. When the dark fit was on him it was no use talking to him. He'd either not seem to hear you, or else he'd say something which made you sorry for opening your mouth at all. It gave us all we could do to keep along with him. He never seemed to look where he was going, and rode as if he had a spare neck at any rate. When we got near the pass to the mountain, I called out to him that he'd better pull up and get off. Do you think he'd stop or make a sign he'd heard me? Not a bit of it. He just started the old horse down when he came to a path in the cliff, as if it was the easiest road in the world. He

kept staring straight before him whilst the horse put down his feet, as if it was regular good fun treading up sharp rocks and rolling stones, and turf wasn't worth going over. It seemed to me as if he wanted to kill himself for some reason or other. It would have been easy enough with some horses, but you could have ridden Rainbow down the roof of a house and jumped him into the front balcony I firmly believe. You couldn't throw him down; if he'd dropped into a well he'd have gone in straight and landed on his legs."

Adam Lindsay Gordon's melancholy poems likewise breathe defiance. Although they are very egotistical, there is something extremely manly about them; and they are well expressed. The pick of them are "Bush Ballads and Galloping Rhymes" and "Sea Spray and Smoke Drift."

We must remember that this popular Australian poet was fond of reckless gaiety; he was a central figure at nearly all race meetings, and took up in turn other exciting pursuits besides jump-riding. From time to time he spent months of solitude in the bush, and so grew morose; and consequently felt that his talents were wasted and his writings were embittered. The following verses out of "The Sick Stockman," are fair specimens of his varying moods. It will be noticed that the equine poetry is remarkably spirited; and was obviously written by a fearless rider, who loved horses for their own sake, above betting and coping.

'Twas merry in the glowing morn amongst the gleaming grass

To wander as we've wandered many a mile,
And blow the cool tobacco-cloud and watch the white wreaths pass,

Sitting loosely in the saddle all the while.

'Twas merry in the blackwoods when we spied the station roofs

To wheel the wild scrub cattle at the yard
With a running fire of stockwhips and a fiery run of hoofs;

Oh! the hardest day was never then too hard!

Another verse will serve to illustrate the devil-me-care lives of his contemporaries:—

There was Hughes, who got in trouble through that business with the cards,

It matters little what became of him;

But a steer ripp'd up MacPherson in the Coraminta yards,

And Sullivan was drowned at Sink or Swim;

And Mostyn—poor Frank Mostyn—died at last a fearful wreck

In the "horrors" at the Upper Wandinong;
And Carisbroke, the rider, at the Horsefall broke his neck.

Faith! the wonder was he saved his neck so long!

Since Rolf Boldrewood wrote his first novel, and poor Lindsay Gordon committed suicide—the poet's grave will always be well cared for, because a sum of money has been set apart for that purpose—a change for the better has come over English emigrants. They are now a steadier lot as a whole. More of the bush has been "taken up"; bush-rangers are an almost extinct race, and there are not so many feverish "gold rushes" as there formerly were.

That Captain Cook was the first European who landed in Australia is a common fallacy. As a matter of fact, the island-continent was probably known to the Portuguese earlier than 1540. And in the seventeenth century, Dutch navigators cruised along the coast; some of the maritime tracts which they christened still bear their names, *vide* Tasman, an explorer in 1644. "Towards the close of the same century, several parts of the coast were visited by Dampier."

Captain Cook anchored in Botany Bay, April 28th, 1770. Seventeen years afterwards a body of convicts were sent from England, and a penal settlement was formed at Sydney—as it is now called—in 1788.

To give a complete list of Australian "pioneers" would be, indeed, a lengthy business. Space prevents us from mentioning the achievements of each explorer; but we are bound to lay especial stress upon the discoveries of Vancouver and Flinders—the former on the South coast, the latter on the South-east and North coasts.

These, and other equally hardy pioneers, were undaunted by fearful droughts or unexpected floods. They must have been greatly astonished when they encountered the dusky-skinned aborigines! These extraordinary people are split up into small tribes of about a hundred: they have nothing in common with the Maoris.

In some respects they are rather ingenious, especially in the manufac-

ture of their unique weapon, the "boomerang," a curved wooden club, which can hit an enemy or wild animal with wonderful accuracy. Supposing the thrower misses, the "boomerang" will return to within a short distance of the thrower. Another very similar weapon which they also hurl is the "nulla nulla."

Before white settlers intruded upon their privacy, these happy-go-lucky Australian natives held funeral services not unlike the Irish wakes; the only difference being that, instead of getting very inebriated, they ate a prisoner or two, or else one of their own tribe, by way of paying homage to the memory of the dear deceased. "They never in any situation cultivated the soil for food crop. They never reared any kind of cattle, or kept any domesticated animal except the dog, which probably came over with them in their canoes. They have nowhere built permanent buildings, but contented themselves with mere hovels for temporary shelter. They have neither manufactured nor possessed any chattels beyond such articles of clothing, weapons, and ornaments and utensils as they might carry on their persons or in the family store-bag for general use."

Obviously they have for generations been socialists at heart—and still are, inwardly, yet not always outwardly. Probably not more than 50,000—if so many—are left; and these are not all permitted to wander at their own sweet will. In Tasmania they have become extinct, because the ex-convict "squatters" could not get any work out of them. There seems no reason to doubt that the present Australian, and the late Tasmanian, aborigines are the descendants of the inhabitants of Papua or New Guinea.

In most parts of the Australian Bush, both the men, who are termed "black-boys," and their wives, who are called "gins," act as under-stockmen, and

receive from their white masters blankets, pipes, tobacco, hats, shirts, moleskin trousers, and the usual up-country rations—"salt beef and damper"—in lieu of wages.

It is a serious legal offence for a European to sell, or even to give, natives alcoholic drinks. Nearly all these blacks are wonderful trackers; several are employed as native mounted policemen.



A WILD AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINAL

For hunting down bush-rangers, or criminals of less note, their services are invaluable.

Who has not read the thrilling, and often blood-curdling experiences of De Rougemont?

Alas! It rarely falls to the lot of the ordinary pioneer to encounter such interesting specimens of the Papuan, Melanesian, or Australian race, as he did!

Yet, if any people exist who suspect De Rougemont of "blowing," or now and then drawing upon his imaginative faculties—which, according to an eminent phrenologist, are developed in an unusual degree—they should always recollect that nearly every Australian tribe talks a patois of its own.

This may help to explain certain statements, which at first were rather difficult to comprehend. For, as a comic paper put it, "Truth is stranger than fiction, and De Rougemont stranger than truth." Therefore we decline to agree, or to disagree, with the most marvellous relator of the sayings and doings of an unknown tribe of Australian aborigines, amongst whom he resided as a white chief. But we candidly admit that, in the words of the proverbial fat woman in the show, "we are struck dumb with astonishment" when we read the many hair-breadth escapes which venturesome De Rougemont went through. He was like one of Stanley Wegman's heroes. Still, who can account for the peculiarities of socialistic cannibals? They may have been fattening him up for an *entrée* at one of their wakes, for all we know to the contrary.

Anyone who is unacquainted with vast rolling plains, stretching towards the horizon, or who has never gazed with wonder upon forests that seem interminable, cannot possibly realise how large an island Australia really is. To quote figures would scarcely convey much to a townsman, accustomed to a pent-in life, for bricks and mortar pretty well cover the "old country" from north to south and from east to west. Even a person who can depict in his mind enormous distances can best understand the size of Australia by comparison. It is about as large as the United States, not counting Alaska, and is three millions of square miles. New Zealand is twelve hundred miles from it; so no wonder the two colonies do not resemble each other! Why should they?

Australia measures 2,500 miles from west to east, and 1,950 miles from north to south. In shape this enormous Island is rather ugly. A leading feature off the Queensland coast is the Great

Barrier Reef. The harbours are not good as a whole. Of course, we make a brilliant exception to Sydney Harbour, which no admirer has exaggerated either for beauty or for safe anchorage. It affords a topic of conversation at the dinner table, for the waiters discourse upon this subject, and the Sydney hotel visitor is a little surprised, and even horrified, at the servants' familiarity.

Tasmania is farther off what may be termed the Mother Colony than many people suppose, for it is separated by 140 miles of salt water, the width of Bass Strait.

Botanists tell us that most Australian trees are evergreens. They also show a peculiar reverted position of their leaves, which hang vertically, turning their edges instead of their sides towards the sun. The eucalypti have the peculiarity of shedding their bark annually, instead of their leaves." The swans are black; and there are many other strange contradictions to Nature, when judged from an European standard.

The word "Bush" is applied equally to the plain country covered by detached tufts of coarse native grass—more like cornfields than English meadows—and to the "Scrub," or forest tracts; seen in the illustration. The native grasses are very sustaining to stock, and bullocks and sheep, are fattened without artificial food—such as linseed and cotton-cake. Horses fed on it can gallop for miles; they are hobbled during the night, or when their riders rest for meals; and when not wanted are "turned out," and then are perhaps not seen again for weeks together. Stock horses are very rarely given oats, hay, Indian corn, or bran.

Unhappily Australia is an exceptionally dried-up country, particularly in the north. Irreverent stockmen have frequently remarked that "Nature must have forgotten to turn on the tap, and so left her work unfinished." Although the sandy river-beds are wide, there is often no water in them, and squatters have to sink Artesian wells in order to water their stock. Even then, in places where there is a good water supply, the grass has often become scarce during a prolonged drought.

In the rainy seasons floods are prevalent; so there is usually too much or too little water!

From the position of Port Darwin no one would prophesy that it would be disturbed by a hurricane; for, sheltered by the shores of the Gulf of Carpentaria, the inhabitants of this township might reasonably feel secure. Yet violent storms are not unknown round the coast of Northern Queensland. Up-country "hands" allude to this district as a

seaport towns, Bowen and Townsville, aspired to be the capital of Northern Queensland; but they reckoned without the elements. First of all, Bowen got blown away by a cyclone, pier and all—or rather we will state that at least half the town was wrecked—and was jeered by its triumphant rival. A month had not elapsed before Townsville was submerged by twenty-four inches of rain falling in about twenty-four hours—and the inhabitants of Bowen chuckled.



AUSTRALIAN BUSH — "THE SCREE"

"holy terror," chiefly on account of the extreme heat.

At Christmas-time the thermometer sometimes registers 120 degrees in the shade—and higher. Horrid little sand-flies and black mosquitoes, and also a large variety nicknamed "Scotch greys"—"three to the pound," as the joke goes—are very exasperating. Residents, and particularly "new chums" who are full-blooded, get tormented all night, and sometimes all day, by them.

About fifteen years ago two leading

Possibly Port Darwin, which was recently unroofed, had also aspirations to become a metropolis; the clerk of the weather may have thought differently, and pooh-poohed the ambitious project with a puff of wind.

Certainly, when violent atmospheric disturbances take place, there is not usually much left of an Australian township. The houses and stores are built of wood, with corrugated iron roofs. The architecture—such as it is—belongs to the bungalow style. Each house

stands on wooden piles, to prevent the intrusion of fleas, ants, and other insects, who live in the sand, and apparently bite white men, or sting them, in preference to black. Saurians, or lizards, are constantly to be seen in the sandy northern districts; also Queensland crocodiles, measuring quite thirty feet in length. "There are about sixty-three different species of snakes, of which forty-two are venomous." The huge pythons in Northern Queensland are exquisitely beautiful; they do not interfere with mankind. Tree-frogs make a peculiarly dismal croaking during the rainy season.

The wild game includes emus, kangaroos, duck, wild turkeys, and opossums. Salmon-trout, golden perch, and Murray-cod are most excellent fish to eat, and are good sport to catch.

Melbourne, the capital of Victoria, has somewhat the appearance of an American town; the streets are imposing, and very wide.

Sydney, the capital of New South Wales, is most English-looking, and has narrow streets. Adelaide is prettily laid out.

Brisbane, the capital of Queensland, has fine buildings, a first-rate club, a good race-course: but, owing to the fact that it lies more out of the track of the above-mentioned cities, it has been less frequently described; yet electric light and other scientific inventions of the nineteenth century are there put to public and private uses. Hansom cabs, as good as those which ply for hire in Bond Street, can be engaged. The light buggy is the favourite vehicle, both in the town and up country. Queensland politicians are occasionally a little peculiar; at least, according to our slow-going English notions. Sometimes debates get very "rowdy"; and once—years ago, we willingly admit—two pugilistically inclined members actually left the House and fought several "rounds" with their naked fists. Their supporters cheered them on vociferously.

About that time, a man who held similar opinions to the "conscientious objector" of to-day felt insulted if any one mistook him for a Member of the Queensland Parliament. Then the

colony had some of all sorts at the helm of Government. It is more orderly now, and has committed to oblivion this sanguinary encounter, which caused much laughter, two blood-stained noses, and then the usual "drinks all round."

No able-bodied person with common sense and ordinary pluck need starve in Australia. Loiterers in the towns often complain about the scarcity of work; yet why should we pity confirmed loafers, who have not spirit enough to walk with their "swag" up country? Energetic workers never need forfeit self-respect, even if they cannot afford to keep up the same social position which they were born in.

Oddly enough, in the Bush, where one man is theoretically as good as another, rough stockmen do not sit down to meals with those who live in the head station, unless they are "camping out."

A good seat on a rough stock-horse, and a reputation for being a "white man," a colonial term for a good fellow, will serve as a passport or obtain introductions to most owners or managers of Australian sheep and cattle stations—no matter whether you choose to bear a feigned name, in order to hide a mistake in the past.

Australian settlers are rather unkempt, as regards their everyday clothes; they laugh at the tidy costumes which set off the figures of "new chums." The expense and difficulty in keeping servants prevents colonials from being luxurious. There is a heavy Chinese poll-tax; so cooks and gardeners are in greater demand than if the "heathen Chinese" was allowed to land untaxed, like an English emigrant does.

As a rule, colonials are boisterously independent. They refuse to toady a moneyed snob, and evince little sympathy for a cultured man who is inclined to be finikin. Such a breezy specimen of our English aristocracy as Lord Charles Beresford would make a Governor after their own hearts; the tone of Australian thought is pre-eminently healthy and outspoken.

Bush-life, as may easily be imagined, is apt to become extremely monotonous; and yet the scenery is cheerful; the dazzling white gum-tree trunks, so tall and slender, have a pecu-

liar charm for the settler ! Let us endeavour to describe a few familiar objects "up-country." If we may be pardoned for using an expressive Irishism, the extensive plains resemble an ocean of land, for when we look out seawards only a few passing ships catch the eye ; so, when first sighting an Australian plateau, there is but little else to notice beyond thin belts of timber, dotted about here and there like islands, amid coarse yellow tussock-grass.

Noises a great distance off may be heard—the tinkling of a bell on a working bullock, grazing miles away ; as also the loud report of a heavy bullock-whip, and the much shriller crack from a stock-whip.

Over-driven cattle sometimes slake their thirst in the pools of nearly dried-

up river-beds. In their extreme eagerness to gulp down large quantities of water, many of the wretched animals fill themselves and get "blown out," or distended, and are incapable of moving on again. They often leave their corpses in a pool, which becomes putrid in a few days' time ; and yet stockmen who are parched with thirst gladly drink the water afterwards.

The boundary fences between the runs are made of barbed wire, and are kept in order by "boundary riders," who sometimes become mad from the awful solitude of their surroundings. Of course, where land is freehold, the stations are merely farms on an enormous scale ; but in the rougher parts visiting your nearest neighbour may mean a ride of at least twenty or thirty miles.



GINGS, OR NATIVE WOMEN



WRITTEN BY J. A. FLYNN. ILLUSTRATED BY SPENCER BLYTH

I was a fortnight after Geoffrey Dane had passed the crisis of his illness before he sent for me. At the appointed hour I walked round to his house, with a strange feeling of indifference. The long anxiety had exhausted my power of suffering for the moment, and left merely a numb wonder. For Geoffrey Dane was my enemy, and held me in the hollow of his hand.

Margaret, his sister — my Margaret — was resting after her turn in the sick-

room. A servant took my overcoat and hat and showed me upstairs. He had grown very haggard and thin, and his eyes seemed to have shrunk into his head. I was sorry to find him so weak, I said; and he was "glad" to see me so well. Then the nurse propped him up with pillows and left us alone.

For a time neither spoke. Our thoughts were such as come slowly to speech.

"You sent for me?" I said at last.

"Yes. I sent for you." His thin fingers fidgeted with the counterpane.

"For Margaret's sake——"

"For Margaret's sake alone, you are here."

"It would be well to come to your point. There are limits to my patience."

"When we last met," he said slowly, "I told you I had indisputable evidence that you fired the shot which killed Florence Fairlegh. Whether by accident or design, I do not know."

"By everything sacred——"

"What," he sneered, "is sacred to you?"

"My love for your sister," I said firmly, "by which I swear that I aimed at Florence Fairlegh's accomplice, who had ruined me; whose bullet in my shoulder spoilt my aim; who——"

"Enough. I accept your word. It was by accident. But you killed her—*killed her!*" His voice ended in a scream.

"It is useless to excite yourself in this way. You had better talk to me when you are stronger."

"Stronger! Why should I care to be stronger? What do I care for anything, except my revenge?"

"Apparently nothing; not even the happiness of your sister, who has almost exhausted nature in her care for you, during your illness."

"I care so much for her happiness that I am looking upon you again. Do you know the thoughts that you bring up?" There was a choking sound in his voice, and he pointed to the water. I poured out a glassful and held it for him to drink. As my hand was so close a thought crossed my mind——! It would have been a coward's thought had there been the least impulse with it. There was not.

"I told you," he said, when I was seated again, "that at last I had collected all the proofs of your guilt; that unless you left the country in three days, without explanation to Margaret, I would hand you over to the law as a murderer."

"I was not."

"Perhaps not, among the gold-miners. But in the eyes of the English law, and of Margaret——"

"Margaret," I said proudly, "would take my word against the whole world."

"Possibly. But there are other things which I could tell her of your past." Yes, there were other things; intangible to the law, to her inexcusable.

"Well?" I set my lips.

"Three weeks have passed, and you have not gone."

"You were near to death," I said bitterly.

"Margaret tells me that you joined her in prayers for my recovery." He laughed mockingly.

"At least, I tried not to pray that you might die."

"Doubtless the prayers of such as you have weight."

"Concerning such as you! I, at any rate, have repented." He leaned forward and his eyes glowed like fire.

"I hold you," he hissed, "in my hand."

"Yes. You hold me, Geoffrey Dane." My voice was calm.

"So far as you alone are concerned, I would not give you the chance of a dog. You understand?"

"I understand." There were things in the past, when we were comrades in Australia, which he should have weighed; but I scorned to mention them.

"It is for Margaret——"

"My Margaret!" His eyes flashed, but he disregarded the interruption.

"Ever since she was a toddling child I have been good to my sister. When my father died I was at my wildest and worst; but I reformed and worked to keep and educate her. When we were poorest—you and I—in Australia, I denied myself everything to send home money for her—*your* Margaret."

"I know, I know; that is why——" He held up his hand.

"Now," he continued, "her happiness no longer depends upon me. She loves you. Margaret is no half-hearted lover."

"May God," I said, "whatever He does to you or me, bless her!" There was a pause. Once or twice he tried to speak, but his voice failed him. So I gave him more water.

"I am satisfied also," he said slowly, "that you love her; that you would try to make her happy; even that you would probably succeed in doing so." He cut short my asseverations with an impa-

tient wave of the hand. "I admit that whatever your crimes in the past——"

"Crimes?"

"Errors, if you are so nice about terms."

"They were no worse than yours."

"Possibly, as you say, no worse than mine. They might still be tolerably bad." He laughed savagely. "Anyhow, I admit that you have left them behind; that you are now a respectable and honourable man."

"that I might die. My prayers were not heard. My prayers never have been heard. *She* prayed, and *her* prayers—Curse——!" I leapt from my chair.

"One word against Margaret," I cried, "and even your weakness shall not save you." He laughed mockingly. I think he was tempting me to kill him. But he could not bring himself to curse Margaret.

"If I had died, it would have settled everything. Unfortunately I live."



"BUT YOU KILLED HER"

"I have tried," I said huskily, "for ten years. It is a long time."

He raised himself a little upon his feeble arms. "None of these things," he hissed, "alter one fact. I hate you."

"Through me, you hate Margaret."

He sank back exhausted, and the silence lasted until it became unbearable.

"Your conclusion?" I enquired.

"I prayed," he said, half to himself,

"Unfortunately," I assented, "you live."

"I live, with my solemn vow to my poor Florence's memory to fulfil, and her slayer is in my power." He covered his face with his hands and rocked to and fro. I almost pitied his weakness. The sweat stood upon his forehead before he looked up.

"I will give Margaret—through

you — an equal chance with myself. You can scarcely ask for more."

"For myself I would ask nothing."

"To me you simply represent Margaret. For her sake—Listen to my plan. When I am convalescent, you and I will be friends—dear friends! We will go about together. I shall lean upon your arm. Because I get strong so slowly you will be concerned. You will speak to the doctor. He will say I need change; I must travel. You will consult Margaret. Some one will be needed to look after me. Who so fit as my future brother-in-law—my inseparable friend? So you will take me away." He chuckled like a maniac, and I stared helplessly at the fire, fearing what was to come.

"If you would let me," I pleaded, "I would be your friend, Dane. There was a time once——"

"Fool!" he gasped furiously. I had known that the friendship which he proposed was only a mask.

"Let us talk of it another time. You are not yourself."

"Sit down. You must hear me now." I resumed my seat.

"We shall be friends, and you will take me abroad—to the lonely mountains, on the deep seas—where you will. The two devoted friends will go away together, and one will return. There will be an accident—an accident, do you hear?"

"Yes; I hear." I shuddered.

"Let it be settled between us as you please; revolvers, rifles, knives, the luck of the cards, the fall of the dice—I do not care. An equal chance for both of us, but only one to return. Do you understand?"

"Yes," I said, "I understand."

"Are you afraid?"

"No," I answered steadily, "I am not afraid."

"Then you consent?"

I considered a long time. It would not be the first time that I had staked my life against my foe. It would be a fair fight, such as I had won before, without wound to my conscience. But he was her brother.

"If Margaret knew?" I began slowly.

"She will never know."

I thought again. For Margaret, as well as myself, his death was the only

chance of happiness. And yet—he was her brother; he had been good to her.

"Give me time to think," I asked. It was in my mind to tell her all, to ask her to come away with me. She would come—I knew she would come. But we should never be quite the same.

"I give you five minutes by that clock" (he pointed to the little time-piece on the bracket by his bedside) "to answer yes or no."

"An hour," I pleaded.

"I have said my say." He folded his arms. "You know me of old." Nothing would move him I knew. At the end of the five minutes I consented, as God is my witness, unwillingly; but there was nothing else to do. And he bound me on my honour to keep faith with him, and make no attempt to draw back.

* * * *

When Margaret found that, in the words of her brother, our mutual esteem had ripened into warm friendship, her delight knew no bounds. The dainty colour flushed in her tired face—she had taken a share in the nursing beyond her strength—and she clasped our hands tightly between her frail hands.

"To think," she said, "that the two best men in the world should become friends just through *me*." My eyes dropped, but he looked in her face and smiled.

"You must allow us a little liking for one another, in addition to our common liking for you, my dear," he said. "Though I daresay you think I must not be classed with Harry in affection for you."

"You are the best brother in the world," she said, "and Harry is the best—lover—to me. He will be the best friend to you." She turned to me, "Won't you, dear?"

"Yes," I said. "Oh, yes!"

"It is not often that three people can trust one another so."

"Not often," he said.

"But we know just each other's feelings."

"Quite so." She pulled us close to her, upon either side, and gave a contented sigh.

"It is so good," she said happily, "so very good!"

And so we went on from day to day. Dane grew rapidly stronger and more cheerful. Indeed, he was brighter than I had ever known him. To all appearances we were the greatest of friends, and he kept up the pretence even when Margaret was out of the way. We played chess and dominoes on a table at his bedside, and later renewed our ancient rivalry at billiards. In the evenings we sang duets, in turns, with each other and with Margaret; and after a few weeks went frequently to an afternoon concert or play.

When the doctor ordered Dane abroad, my offer to accompany him seemed the most natural thing in the world. Margaret thanked me with sparkling eyes—they had grown full of light again lately—and in the evening of the day upon which we had settled our trip she greeted me with even more than her usual affection.

"Do you know, Harry dear," she said (we were alone and I was seated close beside her), "I am so delighted that you and my brother like each other."

"I can't answer for him," I said, trying to smile.

"I can. If you heard half the nice things he says about you! I shan't tell you. You're quite vain enough, sir!"

"My prospects of future good fortune are sufficient to make me." I touched her hair lightly, and wondered what she would say when only one of us came home again.

"Your good fortune, sir! Just think of mine! To have two big, strong, kind men to look after me. You will spoil me between you, if you haven't already." We had vied with one another in giving her little pleasures during the preceding few days.

"I don't like leaving you, Margaret," I said suddenly. It had crossed my mind to tell her all, in spite of my promise. "So many things might happen while I am away."

"To me? Silly fellow!" she laughed.

"Or to—us."

"You will be able to protect one another."

"Ye-es. I would rather be here protecting you." And grief was coming to

her, from which my protection was vain!

"Perhaps it will be a good thing for me to have to look after myself for a little while. Do you know, Harry, I sometimes think that if ever I have a complaint against you, it will be that you protect me too much."

"Too much! How could that be, little one?" I laughed.

"I know you will think me stupid; but—Harry, dear?" She held up her face, and I kissed her. "If—if you had to choose between what was pleasant and what was right, which would you choose?"

"I don't know," I answered unsteadily.

"I know. You would do what was right and pay the cost." She paused for an answer.

"I—I hope so."

"But when we are—married—you will have to choose for me, as well as for yourself."

"Myself," I said, "doesn't matter in comparison."

"No, dear. I know. That is just where it is."

"It is as it should be."

"Ah! but I want you to remember, when you choose for me, that, if it is right, I too must suffer. I don't want you to think only of what is happiest for me. Promise me, Harry?" I clenched my hands, and thought of what had passed, and tried to decide whether I should tell her—and couldn't. My face must have betrayed me if she had seen it; but her head was upon my shoulder, and her eyes were half-closed. Then he knocked loudly at the door, and after an interval came laughingly in.

"You needn't look so sentimental, Maggie, because I am taking him away. I shall bring him safely back again, never fear."

"Of course," she said, "that is what I've been telling him." He looked sharply at me for a moment, then sat down. We had not lit the gas, and there was only the light of the fire. After a few remarks, conversation flagged and we sat in silence for nearly a quarter of an hour, looking into the fire. Sometimes I could fancy I saw him there, lying with a great gash in

his side on some lonely mountain path ; sometimes it was I who laid stiff and cold ; sometimes I traced Margaret's face, drawn and white, when one of us returned alone. But he and Margaret looked at the phantasy of red and black and smiled. At last she spoke.

"What have you seen in the fire ?" she asked.

"Nothing," I said quickly ; and he smiled again.

"Dull man ! And you, Geoff ?"

"Some one," he said very quietly, "whom I knew long ago."

"Man or woman ? Of course——"

"Woman," he said slowly. "Don't ask any more, Maggie."

"Only one thing," she pleaded.

"Was she—is she——" Margaret paused. "Perhaps I shouldn't ask ?"

"She *was* dear to me, Maggie." She put her arm on his sleeve and stroked it.

"She is——?"

"Dead." Margaret gave a little cry

and the tears began to run down her cheeks. His face was hidden from me.

"Oh, it was thoughtless—cruel of me to ask," she said in a tearful whisper. "Forgive me, Geoff—I shouldn't have spoken even before Harry."

"Harry knows," he said quietly. She dried her eyes and pressed our arms, —we sat one on each side of her.

"Perhaps," she said softly, "she is near us now. She sees how kind you are, and strong and good. She had such a sweet face—the one in the locket, dear, I know. She looks down from where she waits, and is so proud of you, she is so glad to think that her memory—the thought of her—has helped you to do right. *Harry ! He has fainted !*"

* * * *

He never rallied again, but just before he died he recovered consciousness and smiled up at us as we stood by his bed. "Bless you both," he said, "my blessing—and hers !"





ADVANCE OF THE SPRING-TIDE BORE

Photograph by Mr. J. T. STOUT

Summer Sails from the Severn to the Sea

WRITTEN BY C. PARKINSON. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS



SAILING in the Severn estuary is treacherous work for all but expert hands. The channels alter, sand banks shift, and the fierce rip of the flood involves danger at many an awkward bend. The smooth waters, perhaps, glide peacefully towards the sea; suddenly the waves sound ominous upon the distant strand. Fierce turmoil takes the place of calm as the stream is reversed and a 12-knot current races inland to the destruction of such craft as may be caught unprepared for the irresistible force of the flowing tide. To pass beneath a span of the well-known Severn Bridge at such a

time requires alike both nerve and skill; many a *trow* (the equivalent of a Thames lighter) has been cut in half against the sharp angles of the stone piers, and heaven help the novice in his attempt to navigate the course upon the flood. Given, however, the necessary guidance nothing can be more enjoyable than a few days' sail on the broad estuary at almost any season of the year.

In the depth of winter—for those who care to face the contingent hardships—there are wildfowl innumerable driven to shelter from the rough storms; the harder the frost, the better the sport. But as summer advances the sailing facilities prove more generally attractive; we can visit pleasant little

fishing ports lying beneath Exmoor and the Quantock Hills, the more distant Lundy Island, or the watering places on the coast of South Wales. There is also good sea-fishing to be obtained outside that sunken barrier of rock known as the "English Stones." From the upper reaches of the river it is somewhat of a novel experience to meet the spring-tide bore, or possibly to loiter amongst the salmon fisheries by day and night. There is a glorious uncertainty in connection with estuarine sailing. Starting for Porlock on the Somerset coast, you possibly make Penarth, in Wales, or *vice versa*, the odds being greatly against reaching a predetermined goal. But what matters it, so long as we are happy in a well-found boat? For choice give me a broad-beamed 5-tonner, with centre-board keel and a light draught. A single mast stands well forward, rigged with an ample sprit-sail in place of the inconvenient boom. A covered cabin contains a couple of bunks, the well in the stern being uncovered, with plenty of space for steering purposes, shooting, fishing, and the like. The moveable bowsprit, with jibs, can be used if necessary; two men readily work the boat, one being sufficient to handle the mainsheets and the tiller. Beneath the fore-deck there is rough accommodation for a third man. When the tide recedes the centre plate can be pulled up, so that the vessel lies even-keeled on the mud-banks until the water once more flows. She has splendid sea-going capacities, rivals the pilot cutters for speed, ships little water, and stands a couple of points nearer to the wind than most craft. Having enjoyed many a good sail under these conditions, it is a matter of surprise to me that more city men do not spend pleasant and cheap holidays in the same manner, where the sea breezes bring renewed vigour, and there is constant variety from day to day.

My first experiences afloat of the Severn bore were on a clear moonlight night, when the advance of the curling wave threatened the destruction of all things in its course. One felt helpless in an unprotected boat before a force so overwhelming. In order to appreciate fully the nature of these periodic tidal

waves we must examine a chart of the Severn estuary. It will be seen that a broad expanse of water stretches inland as far as Sharpness Point. There the channel is suddenly constricted by the convergence of the river banks, the inrush of the flood tide at once receiving a corresponding check. The inevitable result is that the waters in the narrowed channel are piled up into a succession of sweeping waves which penetrate for miles inland, thus creating the phenomenon of the bore. Wherever the bores, or eaggres, are experienced they are due to this peculiar contraction of the estuary mouth occurring only at those phases of the moon when our satellite exerts her greatest influence upon the tides. Hence, the time of the Equinox produces the greatest wave, which sometimes exceeds five feet on the Severn. The direction of the wind also increases or decreases the force of the estuarine tide; at Beachley Point I have known the flood to be two hours late, the delay being entirely due to contrary winds.

On the night in question, after we had brought the boat with infinite labour—partly by rowing, and partly by sailing—round the great horseshoe bend at Newnham, she was tied up until day-break behind the shelter of a rough breakwater, somewhere in the vicinity of Fretherne Court, the residence of Sir Lionel Darell. Lying on the mud, we simply awaited the flood, to be away seawards on the morning ebb. Shortly before midnight the roar of the distant wave sounded ominous as it broke on the sands below the Severn Bridge. In five-and-twenty minutes it was upon us with a terrific burst, enhanced, no doubt, by the still darkness of the surroundings. The river, in a moment, expanded from a comparatively narrow stream to a broad sheet of water, the solid wave advancing as if the river banks, breakwater and boat might be obliterated amid the strife of the waters. Before one has had time to appreciate the stupendous force of the crested wave it has gone by; peace once more reigns, and the dreary waste of sand and mud forms a small sea. By way of testing the power of the bore we have met the incoming wave in a rowing

boat, at Hempsted, near to Gloucester. To insure safety the bows should be at a slight angle to the approaching force; then at the supreme moment the boat should be sculled backwards, so that it is carried easily on the tide without shipping much water. To be caught broadside is highly dangerous. Sometimes the wave lifts the boat at such an angle that a man is bodily upheaved to descend crash through his seat, the experience being altogether productive of keen excitement. The accompanying photograph, cleverly taken as a snapshot by Mr. J. T. Stout, of Gloucester,

turned to follow on the flood, eventually shooting Maisemore weir in perfect safety. The difficulties in the way of obtaining an ideal picture of the bore are very great; in this case, for example, the curling crest is absent because it was not there; the wave broke a few hundred yards lower down the river, we found the unbroken water quite sufficient to face, and for inexperienced watermen the expedition would be a rash one.

On the ebb tide, when the ridges of sand are fully exposed, the hard-working salmon fishermen go forth with their



AFTER THE BORE

Photograph by DR. OSCAR CLARK

represents truly a formidable head immediately in front of the boat we occupied on the morning of April 8th. The wave came as a solid wall of some four feet high, threatening to overwhelm us all. Quietly awaiting his opportunity, he stood boldly forward in the bows and thus obtained his effective picture, before the bore hit the boat. There was just time to place the camera in safety, and to seek shelter for himself as the wave broke. For a few moments it appeared as if we should be drenched to the skin, if not capsized or waterlogged. In the end the tearing waters passed harmlessly beneath our keel; we

great seine nets, as often by night as in the day. If the estuaries are overfished it must be remembered that numbers derive a livelihood from the fisheries, and there are many blank days. Like so many poachers we slip silently away, the absolute stillness being only broken by the rhythmic measure of the dripping oars; at the stern of the boat the huge nets are coiled ready to be paid out into the stream, as the selected station is approached. We are ferried across to the uncovered sand, all unnecessary passengers being landed to be present at the draught of fishes. A distant church clock slowly strikes the hour; a

few gulls utter their plaintive cries, and a sense of infinite solitude possesses the mind.

The boat is now a quarter of a mile above, a series of sharp knocks upon the bows signalling the fact that operations have begun. One man is landed with the rope and stake—termed the *debut*, wherewith to check the course of the net which now describes a wide semicircle across the stream. In about twenty minutes the far end is landed on the sandy shore, the man with the *debut* meanwhile performing all kinds of antics in his efforts to arrest the too rapid progress of the great seine, which otherwise might be raised from the river, and thus permit the enveloped salmon to dart beneath. Foot by foot the expectant fishermen drag the net ashore, wading far into the stream in order to prevent a fish leaping for freedom. But salmon lose their wits at such a moment—the clouded water prevents the meshes from being seen until escape is hopeless. It is a fine sight to witness three or four great fish swimming rapidly to and fro against the side of the net. The struggle comes when all are landed high and dry, as a salmon will occasionally burst through at the last moment. I have seen a man wrestle with a silvery burden of 30 lbs. in his arms. With a strong twist of the tail the fish has thrown its captor on his back in the river and quietly sailed away. For each big salmon in the nets there will be several grilse (*botcher* in Severnese), that is, young fish returning from a first visit to the sea. If the spring is sufficiently advanced the nets also contain a fair number of twaite-shad, which ascend the river for spawning purposes. I also obtained possession of a 4 lbs. lamprey, wondrously mottled with yellow, orange, black and brown. The wriggling body twisted backwards and forwards on the sand, raising the head and giving forth a curious hissing sound through the formidable contractile sucker which serves for a mouth. "Larning to talk," as one of the fishermen drily remarked. An amusing incident attached to the said fish:

"How much for the lamprey?" I inquired.

"Half-a-guinea," came the prompt reply.

"Half-a-guinea!" I cried in disdain; "say two shillings."

"Done, gaffer" (with evident satisfaction).

Afterwards the market price was ascertained to be one shilling and fourpence; but let it pass—the fish was very good when stewed in port.

The hours thus employed pass all too soon away; the flood returns, the *basts*, or ridges of sand, are once more covered, and we return to our bunks aboard the boat to spend the remainder of a short night.

With a favourable breeze it is a pleasant sail from Newnham to Beachley, at the mouth of the Wye. Here, again, the tide has incredible force, the rise at Chepstow—three miles from the estuary—occasionally marking fifty feet. Even with a fair wind, I believe it to be an impossibility to sail down the Severn and into the Wye against the full force of the flood tide, the contention of the currents being terrific. It was a dirty evening when our skipper decided to run for shelter during a half gale from the north into the Wye. Glasses smashed, crockery broke, and we pitched like a cork on the waves; but the more we tried to make way against the fierce stream, the more nearly we were driven towards the rocks at the Chapel Light. In the end nothing remained but to put the boat about, lying for the night beneath Aust Cliff on the opposite side of the Severn, where we rolled most uncomfortably at anchor until the tide departed, and a friendly mud-bank permitted the boat to lie on an even keel.

From Beachley the increasing width of the estuary leaves ample sailing room to tack against head winds should the necessity arise. Leaving Portskewett (well marked by the ventilation shaft of the Severn tunnel) to the right, we make a course to Portishead at the mouth of the Avon. If, on the other hand, the breeze is more favourable, there is the mouth of the Usk available for a place of call. *En route* we skirt the tidal lagoons beneath Gold Cliff, a first-class locality for winter wildfowling, conveniently near to the shelter of the Usk. Now there is a peculiar point in connection with Newport and the Usk mouth. The rod salmon fishing is so

good on the upper waters that high returns are derived from the fishing rents. Year by year the club fishing is excellent. How can we reconcile these facts with the foul pollution of the river mouth through the copper works, or other manufactories, at Newport? It would appear to be impossible for the fish to survive the passage through so murky a fluid; yet the supply fails not.

The sunken ridge of rocks, known as the "English Stones," lie like a barrier across the Severn between Beachley and Avonmouth. All the larger vessels lay their yards back to await half-tide, when the passage is clearly indicated between the exposed ledges. On the banks in this vicinity any amount of flat-fish can be taken in certain periods of the tide. A good many years ago there was a man down west who had sundry differences with his creditors. In order to avoid an emissary bearing the Queen's writ he lived for the best part of a summer afloat on a fishing schooner, having a real good time in the estuary until the home environment proved more suitable. I pondered over this little history when catching grey mullet one clear May morn on the same ground, thinking to myself what a very sensible course it was for the embar-

rassed one to steer. I cannot describe the delights of these early mornings on the sea, with the air so fresh, pure and warm beneath the risen sun. There is also a complete freedom from the worries of the post, telegrams, and the like, which has—for the time—many advantages.

The first island in mid-channel is Denny, the Steepholme and Flatholme lying considerably lower down, roughly speaking between Cardiff and Weston-super-Mare. The cliffs of the Steepholme are said to be one hundred feet in height. In the middle ages it is said a monastery existed on the island, of which all traces have long since disappeared, unless the wild peony which grows there is considered as a relic of monkish gardening. The real home of the plant is in North Italy. From the islands there is a clear sail across Bridgewater Bay to the fishing port of Watchet beneath the Quantock Hills, where a small protected harbour is found. During the night of our visit there a dreadful thunderstorm broke over the place; crash after crash reverberated through the hills, whilst each flash of lightning appeared to centre around our masthead. It seemed as if the boat must be struck, one member



BEFORE THE BORE

Photograph by DR. OSCAR CLARK

of the party distinctly asserting that the end of the world had arrived. Beyond the partial flooding of the cabin no further *contretemps* occurred, and a heavenly morning followed a wild night.

Coasting from Somerset into the region of North Devon, Dunster, Minehead, and Porlock Bay are passed in quick succession, all of them delightful old world places worthy of a visit. Then we reach the richly wooded district of Lynmouth after doubling Foreland Point, eventually finding ourselves snugly ensconced in the miniature bay at Ilfracombe, apparently severed from the rest of the world by lofty hills.

Ilfracombe is the real base for an expedition to Lundy Island, some twenty miles away, although Hartland Point lower down the Devonshire coast is the nearest land. As often as not, heavy seas run in the Bristol Channel; to make Lundy we must watch carefully for favourable winds, the flow of the tides also being a consideration. In calm weather, perhaps an auspicious start is made; in mid-channel the north-easterly breeze dies away, so that a three hours' sail is prolonged into a half-day's voyage: if it were not for the three-knot ebb the boat might not reach her destination at all. Local tides are very curious forces. To sail, for example, direct from Ilfracombe to Bideford with a fair wind might appear a simple matter. Experience, however, shows that the best course is to make a long reach as far as Lundy on the flood, the opposite tack on the ebb carrying us over the dangerous bar across Bideford Bay with ease. Lundy Island is some three and a half miles long by half a mile wide. The shores are rock-girt, approached by narrow channels, but ample shelter exists within the miniature bays. When rowing ashore in a skiff the surf has to be reckoned with. There are a few residents on the island, and even a farm, the late owner of the property being a Mr. Heaven; now the Government has become sole proprietor. A ruined chapel remains, overlooking the rocks; towards the south lies the "Hen and Chickens" lighthouse, as a beacon high up on the cliffs.

If the north-easter blows hard the only safe anchorage is on the western side of Lundy; the east bay, conversely, yields shelter from south-westerly gales. The little pier on the inner side is sufficient for the purposes of the excursion steamers from Ilfracombe, and the requirements of the islanders; on the other hand, there is a real demand for a refuge harbour here. There is as much shipping in the Bristol Channel as in the Thames or the Mersey. With the prevalence of contrary winds, Ilfracombe is inconveniently crowded, coasting vessels of all descriptions remaining there for days, weather-bound. Scores of vessels can find no shelter at all; and now that the Government has acquired Lundy Island it is the hope of all connected with the shipping trade in the Bristol Channel that a breakwater will be constructed to ensure the shelter which is of such urgent importance. Many a Cardiff ship has been lost in these waters for want of a harbour of refuge off Lundy. I believe that the matter has been for some time under the consideration of the authorities; but definite action has been long delayed. The flashing light, in the meantime, is of the best description, prominent for vessels on all courses, and a tribute to the efficiency of the Trinity House.

Amongst the high cliffs the beautiful gannets find a secure breeding station. Pairs of these attractive birds may often be seen, either skimming the waters or flying high in the air preparatory to a dive after some fish prey. Bird sight can penetrate far beneath the surface of the sea from a considerable altitude. On the wing, the plumage appears chiefly white, with black wing-tips. A closer observation with glasses reveals more delicate shades of buff on the head and neck, with creamy feathers on the wings and tail. The webbed feet and legs are green; whilst a patch of pale blue skin surrounds the yellow eyes. I have seen several nests made with grasses or seaweed, placed side by side on a ledge of rock, far out of harm's way. One contained a single greenish-blue egg, so pale in colour as to look white in some lights. There is not a more beautiful bird around the British Islands;

it is a thousand pities that a single specimen should be wantonly destroyed. Long may Gannet Cove, on Lundy Island, remain thus tenanted.

The conditions which are favourable for reaching Lundy may well prove contrary for the return journey, as we found to our cost. A steady east wind blew for three days, against which it was impossible to make the Severn estuary. Previous experience outside Bideford Bar forbade the attempt to reach Barnstaple, so nothing remained but to lie within our sheltered cove until the desired change should arrive. The

time to enjoy fully the intense delights of a free sail, the very anti-thesis, in fact, of being jambed taut against the wind. With every stitch of canvas spread, there was nothing to do but keep her head on a clear course.

It has always struck me that the words "Port" and "Starboard" are ambiguously applied in navigation by British seamen. The port is the left side of a ship; the starboard, as a matter of course, being the right-hand side. If an English captain, however, sings out "Hard a port," what happens? The man at the wheel at once does the



CAUGHT UNPREPARED

Photograph by DR. OSCAR CLARK

interval passed quickly enough in rambling about the island, sea-fishing, and the observation of bird life.

At length easterly winds gave place to south by west; the opportunity for a most exhilarating sail homewards had come, and the boat simply leapt through the freshening waves as she slipped away from the shelter of the cliffs at early dawn. Our spirits rose as we sailed buoyantly before the breeze; the waves chased each other astern, or on the quarter, as the case might be, disappearing harmlessly beneath the keel. The spray flew from the boat as she danced merrily along. This was the

other thing, *puts it starboard* with all his might. Owing to the structure of the steering gear, he is obliged by a rapid mental process to reverse in every case the order given. The helmsman in a small boat does the opposite thing. When the order is "Port," he ports his helm; he simply carries out the instruction, and the rudder responds on the starboard tack. The confusion in ideas may possibly account for collisions in clear and calm weather. The French custom is uniform throughout—and surely more reasonable. Even with the wheel, the mechanism guiding the rudder is so arranged that no mental

inversion of the commands is required. The French equivalent for "Port your helm" is literally obeyed, either with the wheel or with the tiller.

During the return trip I had undertaken the menial office of cook. It is not always an easy matter to keep the frying-pan even upon the stove, but a little practice enables one to master the undulations of the waves. My first beef-steak was a failure. It looked browned to perfection on the upper surface. Alas! when it came to be turned, the whole thing adhered to the pan, burnt to a cinder. There had been no fat or grease placed therein to prevent such a catastrophe; the meat proved unfit for food, and my popularity had gone for the day. Despite such small disasters, the boat sped right well upon her course. The next evening found us once more

in Sharpness Docks, bidding a reluctant farewell to our comfortable cabin. The orchards of the Severn Vale, extending as far as the eye could reach, were in the full glory of apple blossom. Surely there is no fairer view in the kingdom than these rich plains bordered on the one side by the sharp ridge of the Cotswolds, and by the splendid wooded heights of the Forest of Dean on the other. In the distance the famous Windcliff rises above the Wye, with the solitary ring of firs on May Hill. The broad river waters the vale. At Gloucester station the party is dispersed; each one pursues his path, mixing in the busy throng. Watchet, Ilfracombe, and Lundy remain only as memory phantoms, the Severn bore has lost its stern reality. Instead, we must drift on the river of everyday life.





The Last Chance

WRITTEN BY HERBERT ADAMS. ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. GILLINGWATER

ROSE SIRKETT sat in the small easy-chair in the humble sitting-room, knitting a pair of woollen socks, just as any ordinary girl might have done. Yet she was not an ordinary girl, by any means. A casual observer could have seen that. She was remarkably tall, and uncommonly handsome. There was no doubt that she ought to have been a man. Her frame was strong, and her eye fearless. There was nought in her of clinging tenderness, and nought of nervous proneness to hysteric excitement. Self-control and calm determination were written in that firm mouth and chin, and bespoke a confident, self-reliant nature that had never yet met an obstacle so difficult that rigid persistence could not overcome it.

The door of the room opened, and her brother came in. She gave him a little nod of welcome, and then went on with her knitting. He had told her that he would have his tea out, but the bread and butter were still on the table, and the kettle on the hob, in case he should have changed his mind. He had—a thing Rose had so anticipated that she made no remark thereon. She did not speak until some minutes later, when, having finished a second egg, he was preparing to break into a third.

"George Boyle was here this afternoon," she said, as she put away her knitting.

"That's not unusual. What did he want?"

"He wanted me to promise to marry him."

"What?"

Rose made no reply. She had told him what George wanted, and she knew he had heard, so why should she repeat it? She leant forward, and gazed thoughtfully into the fire.

"What did you tell him?"

"That if he knew me as I really was, he would not want to have anything further to do with me."

"What a silly thing to say! Enough to excite any one's suspicions! I can't think why you let him call so often. What did he reply?"

"He said the more he knew of me, the more he should love me."

"Fond fool!" muttered her brother, somewhat uncomplimentarily. "And did you send him home?"

"No; I told him what our business was."

"You told him?"

"I did."

"You fool! You dolt! Oh, what idiots women are! Now he will tell the police!"

"No, he won't," returned his sister, dispassionately; "I know him."

"What did he do when you told him?"

"He was shocked at first, and wouldn't believe it. Then, when I convinced him it was true, and said if he wished to marry me he must join with us, he rushed away and left me."

down quietly with him. You see, I know him. But I shan't consent."

Frank, her less philosophic brother, was not yet appeased, and he muttered many comments on the folly and womanishness of telling secrets. But there was work to be done, and they



"YOU TOLD HIM"

"And went to inform."

"No; he went to try to conquer his love for me. He will try for a few miserable days; then he will come back, and endeavour to persuade me to leave you and this business, and settle

couldn't spend all the evening wrangling. Securely fastening the room door, they went into the inner chamber, that passed, innocently enough, as Frank's bedroom. From between the mattresses, from under a loose board in the

floor, and from one hiding-place and another, they drew forth strange tools, retorts, crucibles, alloys, compounds, and moulds. They laboured in silence, and as the evening wore on, quite a number of half-crowns and florins and shillings were added to their store. For they were coiners!

Rose Sirkett had rightly said that she knew George Boyle. He had rushed from her presence, but the idea of telling the police of the horrible knowledge he had just acquired never once occurred to him. He went home to struggle with himself, to try to conquer that fatal passion that completely dominated his heart.

He was a mechanic, a metal worker, and he earned good wages. He was alone in the world, and when he met Rose Sirkett it was not long before he loved her. Where could that fearless eye, that speckless complexion, that proud poise of the handsome head be matched? She lived in a little suite of rooms with her only brother. Often and often he had visited her there, and at times he thought he had aroused just a spark of love in her heart. And then again she seemed to draw herself away from him. At last he could mask his affection no longer, and his vows of devotion, rudely expressed but sincere, had brought this awful revelation of their criminal calling. He had never troubled to inquire what Frank's business was. He knew he went about a good deal, and thought he was a canvasser or commercial traveller; but Rose, the light of the home, the queenly, beautiful, and seemingly pure—to think that she was engaged in this awful pursuit of villainy and deception! Oh, it was horrible, heartrending, crushing!

For two days and two nights he wrestled in mental anguish. Then, as the dispassionate girl had foreseen, he came to her and besought her to forsake her evil method of living, to marry him, and start afresh in some far distant spot with no associations of mis-spent years or evil companionships.

It was late in the afternoon. Having left work early, his feet carried him, almost in spite of himself, to the respectable block of dwellings he had

visited so oft. Rose was in her old place by the fireside, and it did not surprise her when a timid knock announced the return of her lover. She asked him to sit down, and then went quietly on with her stitching. If all Scotland Yard had peeped into that little room, they could have dreamed no ill of the quiet, domesticated girl, and as George Boyle looked at her again and again, he found it difficult to believe that there could be any truth in the tale she had told him. Surely it must be some ghastly dream of his own perverted imagination. Oh, that it could so have been!

There was silence for several minutes. Then, marvelling at his boldness, he stepped to her side, and, taking her work out of her hands, forced her to meet his passionate gaze.

"Rose," he whispered, "ever since you told me about it, I have thought and dreamed of nothing else. I cannot reproach you for what you've done, for I shall never perhaps know the circumstances that led you to it; but, my dearest girl, you must leave it now. I come to claim you for my own, for my wife; and for my sake you must give it all up—you must cleave unto me. Is it much to ask, Rosie? Oh, let me work for you! I would rather slave until the flesh was worn off my bones than let you stoop to do anything impure or wrong. For my sake, for your owl sake, Rosie, say you will come with me far away, and start life anew. Say 'Yes,' Rosie—only that little word."

But the girl was as adamant, self-contained, inflexible.

"I have promised to stay with Frank and help him, George. I told you about it because I knew I could trust you, and because I did not want you to make any mistakes about me. But I am not ashamed of it. My father had a little shop, and a lot of rich men formed a syndicate, and opened a store close by. It ruined him, and caused the death of both him and my mother, practically, of starvation. That may be business, and may be right, but if it is, Frank and I can't be doing very much wrong."

"But, Rosie, if that syndicate had been ten times more selfish and wicked than it was, you must still be honest

and true. Be worthy of yourself, Rosie. Help me, and let me help you."

Many more arguments she used, but he knew they were wrong, and he told her so. She was quite gentle in all that she said, but as firm as a rock. He fell on his knees before her, and his hot tears dropped on her hands as he begged her again and again to be her true self, and to leave her life of exciting, profitable, but dangerous sin.

It was all in vain. She put her arms round his neck, and, for the first time, kissed his cheek. But as she did it she whispered that he must join them, and then she would be his.

With a wild wrench he tore himself from her embraces, and again rushed from the room.

When Frank came home that night, Rose told him what had happened—how George had appealed to her, and how her firmness had, for the second time, driven him away in despair. Her brother did not receive the news with much show of satisfaction.

"Look here, Rose," he said, bluntly, "it amounts to this: you've put us in the power of this fool Boyle. You don't really care for him, and one of these days, tired of being played with, he will turn virtuous, and get us locked up."

"I may marry him."

"You don't love him."

"I like him as well as any man I know."

"And if you do, what good is he to us? We were getting on so well before."

"You forget he is a metal-worker, and could probably help us, and teach us more than we could teach him."

"Ah! there might be something in that." Then, as though regretting his generous admission of his sister's forethought, he added, "But this makes twice you've sent him away. I don't suppose we shall ever hear of him again."

"I expect we shall before so very long," said Rose, confidently.

And again she was right. But it was not until a whole week had passed—a week in which Frank taunted her more than once with his disappearance.

As before, it was early evening when

he came, and she was alone. She was not thinking of him, but suddenly her quick ear caught the sound of a familiar step outside the door. A faint smile crossed her features, and her heart, cold as it was, did beat a little faster. The door opened, and an instant later he had enfolded her in his arms, and was pouring hot kisses on her lips and cheeks.

"I am yours, Rosie; I am yours," he whispered, fiercely. "Do with me what you will."

It was unnecessary for him to say more. His pale face and sunken cheeks, and the wild light in his eyes, told only too plainly of the battle that had been fought and won—or lost—in his heart. The longing to see her, the passion of loving her, the memory of her kisses, and the burning thirst for more, had proved too strong, and here he was back again, anxious only to do her will, and follow wheresoever she might lead. The joy of being with her had dwarfed every other consideration, and now she was his, and he was hers.

Frank did not disapprove when the news was told him. He said that since Rose had been idiotic enough to put them in this man's power, the only way in which she could remedy the error was the one she had adopted—to make him even as themselves. But he stipulated that the marriage should not take place for at least six months, so that George should become a thorough-going member of the community, and have his fidelity put to a satisfactory test. His secret fear was really that if they were married at once, Rose might yield to her husband's influence, and desert the nefarious business in which she was so expert an assistant.

So George Boyle joined them. Each day he was shown more and more of their methods, and his mechanical skill was able to suggest many little improvements that made them more daring and more successful. The coining was all done in Frank's bedroom, and they each had a share in passing their manufactures into general circulation. They tried their hands at the gold currency too, and did so with apparent impunity. They took great care in the making of their coins, and

their effrontery in handing them on was marvellous. Rose, with her good looks and open countenance, seldom had any difficulty in passing the spurious counterfeits, and if suspicion ever was aroused, she would ask for the coin back, as though to examine it, and, changing it for a good one, would declare the shopman had made a mistake, which he, with many bows and profuse apologies, would acknowledge to indeed be the case.

So the weeks ran on, and to George Boyle they were not unhappy. His conscience seemed to have been extinguished on that fatal evening when he had drawn Rose Sirkett into his arms, and vowed that henceforth her ways should be his ways, her pursuits his pursuits. True, there did come sleepless nights, when the ill-spent hours would rise before him in ugly shapes, and, with threatening gestures, would speak of a future doom, but they vanished ere the morning, and the day passed blithely by Rosie's side. The excitements of the risks they ran, and the intoxication of her presence, left no room for any other sensation.

Yet one night he had a dream more startling, more vivid than any he had previously experienced. He and Frank had just returned from a provincial tour, in which they had managed to change a great quantity of their base money, and after some days of absence he had had the joy of being locked again in Rosie's arms. Perhaps that accounted for the activity of his brain as he lay on his couch. But soon he slept, and then the strange dream began.

He thought he was dead, and in a world of spirits he met his mother. They stood alone in a huge marble chamber, and, with parched lip and faltering tongue, he begged her for a word of welcome. But no answer could she give; only her large, sad eyes were fixed on him. His soul trembled within him, and despair and self-loathing filled his heart as the memory of wicked, wasted years was brought vividly before him. He saw the big tears slowly coursing down his mother's cheeks, and he begged for just one word—a word of hope, of forgiveness; but she shook her head, and could make no

answer. Then there was a great noise, and she and he were together taken—he could not see how—to the mouth of a huge cavern. It stretched further than eye could reach, and in it were the writhing bodies of men and women he had known and heard of—murderers, thieves, cheats, liars. All were striving and toiling as though to lessen their torment, but it seemed that the more they struggled the more awful became their agonies. Despair was on every gaunt and haggard countenance. He could stand it no longer. "Take me away; take me away!" he cried; but as he spoke it, a door beside them opened, and he knew that a new victim had arrived—another sinner had met an appointed doom. Who was it? Breathless he waited to see. Slowly the form took familiar shape—it was Rose Sirkett! Yes, his Rosie, but not as he knew her; for now her eyes were wild with terror, her cheeks blanched with unspeakable dread, her footsteps faltering, and her whole being permeated with indescribable throbs and throes of agonised suffering.

"Not her, mother, not her!" he cried. "Let me go instead. Oh, take me, but do save her!"

Then, for the first time, his mother spoke.

"You had your time and your chance for saving her, my son, but you heeded it not. Now the time has passed, and the chance has gone. It is too late."

But he cried aloud to Rosie, and he tried to clutch at her garment as she went slowly by. But he could not touch her, and then—all seemed dark—and he awoke.

He was shivering, and in a cold sweat, but it was not yet light. He lay still until the morning, and all that day his cheeks were pale and his head aching. But when they rallied him on his quietness, he tried to pass it off with a laugh, and told no one of the dream that had caused it.

But that night the same awful visions—caused, perhaps, by his having thought of nothing else all day—again disturbed his slumbers. He saw, more clearly than before, the suffering of the girl he loved, and again his mother repeated her sad words, that he had had

his chance of saving her, and had wasted it. Then a hideous laugh broke out from behind him, and he heard a raucous voice mutter, "He wanted to be with her; so he shall be—in here!" and all the souls in torment set up a fiendish scream of derisive joy; and again he awoke.

So it was for him to save Rosie. He would do it, and that very day!

It was not until the afternoon that his opportunity came. Then, sitting by her side, he told her his dream. A scornful smile curved her pretty lips at first, but the horrors of the vision had been intense, and his words and gestures were so thrilling and real, so full of power, that involuntarily her cheek paled, and she listened, in silent dread, to the awful fate he had foreseen. Then he made his appeal to her. There was enough pain, enough sin, enough woe in the world; let them quit the evil life

that must end, sooner or later, in degradation and misery.

"Oh, Rosie, let me work for you! I will toil day and night. Not a want shall you know, not a care shall wrinkle that dear brow, nor a pain enter your heart if effort of mine can stay it. And all, all shall be won by honest work—and by love, Rosie."

Oh, wondrous wooing! She hesitated. He held out his arms. She bent slowly towards him, till her head nestled on his breast.

"We will start anew, George," she whispered. "If Frank won't come too, we'll start by ourselves. We'll leave this London, and you shall always take care of me, and show me what is right." She raised her handsome face to his, and they sealed their new compact with a first kiss of purity and love. Another—another—but what sound was that? A heavy tramping on the staircase. A



"IT WAS THE POLICE

ruthless hand at the door. The door is unlocked, but who should come now? George sprang up to challenge the intruder, but it was unnecessary. Too late, too late; he had had his chance!

It was the police!

Oh, merciful Heavens! was it right to send them at this hour? The sinners are quitting their career of infamy; must they be dragged back, and branded with it for ever?

The constabulary were well pleased with their raid. Frank, the brother, had been detected in passing some of his counterfeits, and arrested. Discovering his home, they had gone there before the alarm could be given, and so caught the other two of the little gang that had caused such a deal of trouble.

They made no resistance. As the handcuffs were slipped on, George just turned to his companion, and muttered, in an agony of self-reproach:

"Oh, Rosie, why didn't I speak to you a week—a day earlier?"

* * * *

The trial did not take long. All their implements had been discovered, and the facts were too plain to permit of doubt. The evidence had all been taken, the counsel heard, and the judge was about to give his final comments to the jury, when one of the prisoners, George Boyle, demanded a hearing. He was not represented by counsel, and during the trial he had taken but little notice of what was going on. He had stood beside the female prisoner, and an occasional muttered word to her was all he had cared to say. But now there was animation in his eye, and intense eagerness in his tone. The judge signified that he might say a few words.

"My lord," he began, "so far as I myself am concerned, I acknowledge

my guilt. I have done wrong, and shall deserve whatever punishment you may award me, but"—and here his firm voice trembled. Could a lie be pardonable—even for her, to give her a chance at last?—"but for this girl I humbly beg your mercy; your mercy, my lord, and your justice. She was innocent of what her brother and I were doing. She spent money we gave her, but she did not know we had made it. She was our tool, our innocent victim. In justice, my lord, she must not suffer."

The judge listened to what he said, and nodded gravely. Then he made a few remarks to the jury, and asked them to consider their verdict. This did not take long. It was as obvious that such ruffianly men must be guilty as it was that so young and so beautiful a girl, against whom there had been little actual evidence, must be innocent.

His lordship agreed with their finding, and awarded the men a long term of imprisonment, but the girl was freed. In discharging her, the judge warned her to be careful in future of the company she kept, and of the dangers her good looks might lead her into.

The girl hardly heard what he said. They were bearing her lover back to the cells. Only recently she had learnt how she loved him, and she knew he was to bear a punishment that by right should be hers. She had enticed him into the evil life, and now he had saved her the just rewards of her ill-doing. She rushed to his side, and, before they could stop her, threw her arms around his neck, and kissed him many times.

"I do love you, George, and I will wait," she sobbed—"I will wait."

And the jury who saw it were disgusted that so sweet a maid could care for so vile a man.



The Dolomites

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS FOR A TOUR, AND A NOTICE OF CERTAIN
LOCALITIES AS HEALTH RESORTS

BY S. F. A. CAULFEILD. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS



HOW little now remains of rarely trodden ground by English feet in Europe! Yet some bright spots still exist, which are well worthy of note, for the benefit of those in search of the grand and beautiful, or for a new and desirable health resort. To these two classes of persons I feel that it might be a boon to offer a brief account of my recent visit to the Dolomite

country—part in the Austrian and part in the Italian Tyrol—a country chiefly monopolised by Austrian and German tourists and Alpine climbers. For this fact I cannot account.

The first English book on this wonderful country was by Amelia Edwards (1873), and has been succeeded by others—one especially good, by Dr. Robertson (Geo. Allen, Charing Cross Road). Yet the English public in general appears

to know little of the country but its name. Certainly, no one from whom I desired information, before my own visit, could give me any; but all were keenly interested in everything I could tell them on my return. Even my Swiss friends knew little more than the name of their own near neighbour. For them, and for my own country-folk, I now offer a few *renseignements* for a special and inexpensive tour; and suggest Cortina al Ampezzo, the chief town of that region, as an interesting, genial, and healthful resort, especially for winter, spring, and autumn. I specify these seasons because in the hot summer months people might need a little more shade, although there is a small public park on the hillside, sloping down to the river Botta, where there are plenty of seats under the trees.

Cortina, which is about sixty-four miles from Innsbruck, is a clean, wholesome little town; the people are friendly, and thoroughly quiet and respectable; and living is very reasonable. Before any further description of this place of our choice, I must tell my readers how to get there, and by an easy, beautiful, and inexpensive way.

My party consisted of two ladies and myself. We slept (as on all our autumn

excursions) at the Hotel Eüer, in the square opposite the railway-station at Basle. Our tickets were taken to Innsbruck, *via* Zurich—a single day's journey, running along the whole of the lake-shore—and we arrived at Innsbruck at about 5 p.m., putting up for two days at the Goldner Sonne, an excellent hotel, and close to the station. For those who wish to make a longer stay at Innsbruck I could suggest many delightful excursions; but I will only mention what we were able to accomplish in two days. Within the town, the ancient Hofkirche should be visited (A.D. 1563), with its unique and imposing double row of colossal bronze figures, male and female celebrities, apparently in attendance on the Emperor Maximilian I., whose magnificent cenotaph occupies the centre of the nave. The figure of our own King Arthur is the finest of the whole group, the work of the famous Peter Vischer of Nuremberg.

Within a short walk, in the suburbs, is a park, where the great patriot Andreas Höfer's statue may be seen; and this and the cathedral were all we had time to visit in the town. Outside, you should make an expedition to the old Schloss Wierburg, long used as a *pen-*



CORTINA

sion, and where Herman Schmidt laid some of his scenes in his "Kanzler von Tirol." The Schloss stands high, and has an extensive view; and one of my party spent many months in it some years ago. The Schloss Ambras is to be seen at a distance, where there is an interesting museum. Enough has now been indicated to fill up a couple of days' explorations, so I hurry on to describe our journey to Cortina.

We left by train for Toblach, in the Pusterthal, at 7.30 a.m., *via* the beautiful Brenner Pass and Franzenfest, and arrived at Toblach at 1 p.m., where we dined. The rest of our journey was completed by post-omnibus, a long, open vehicle, with curtains, enabling the traveller to have a view of the scenery on all sides. We passed Landro *en route*, and, further on, the Durrensee (lake), dominated by Monte Cristallo, reflected in the lake, and of which I give an illustration. On the left the valley takes a turn, and the remarkable group known as the "Drei Zinnen" tower up in full view. After a delightful drive, we arrived at 6.33, having left Toblach at about 2.30. Of course, the post-omnibus (or mail-car) took an easy route through the winding valleys; the scenes ever changing, both in form and colouring, were rendered the more beautiful when the declining sun lit up the pointed, jagged rocks that towered above us at every turning, and revealed rare and brilliant combinations of hues—red and orange, purple and gold. The intersecting lines of the mountains, clothed up to the perpendicular rocks with forests of sombre pines, combined to form such wonderful contrasts, that we longed for brushes, and adequate skill, to immortalise them, and to refresh our too treacherous memories on bidding them farewell. We passed by the lake of Dürren, which reflected Monte Cristallo, at the further end.

To save further trouble, on our arrival we put up at the post-house, the Croce Bianco, on a very favourable recommendation of a fellow-traveller, who had been there before. Here we took comfortable rooms for a week, on very moderate terms, *i.e.*, at three and a-half florins a day. The table was good and abundant, and the proprietors, Josef

Verzie and his wife, most attentive and obliging. We entered the little town by one route and left it by another, both uniting at Toblach.

There are two specially good *pensions* at Cortina, amongst several, one at either end—*i.e.*, the Faloria, which is considerably elevated; and the other at the opposite side. The town lies in a valley, 4,114 feet above the sea-level, and the climate is dry, bracing, and very salubrious; for the proximity of such a host of mountains by no means precludes its free ventilation.

The Botte river runs along the valley, and as you drive into the town the Monte Pomagognon, Tofana, and Cristallo rise up on one side; Sorapis on another; and Pelmo and Antelao further on, toward Pieve di Cadore. The highest of the Dolomites (of which I have given but a few of the names) is Sorapis, which rises, some say, to an altitude of 11,107 feet; but, though not so high, Antelao is one of the most dangerous of these treacherous mountains, from the avalanches of stones and powdered *débris* that fall from it. It is entitled the "King of Ladore," a neighbouring town of great historical interest, in the Italian part of the Dolomite country.

The first ascension of Antelao was made by the ill-fated Lord Francis Douglas, and Mr. Latham, in 1862, which contributes somewhat to the interest attached to it, otherwise of a very sinister character. But, before giving any account of the destruction wrought by Antelao and his pitiless *confrères*, I will give a sketch of Cortina, and reserve the details of their evil doings till they come in due course, when I record our drive over the site of the devastation they wrought.

Cortina is interesting in many points of view—in the intelligence and high character of the natives, and the useful and beautiful industries for which they are celebrated. Amongst these is the manufacture of the inlaid metal, ivory, bone, and wood, and mosaic-work, in imitation of that of Bombay. This latter art was introduced by an English gentleman, Mr. John Coddington, and has proved a great success in the hands of apt and diligent scholars; and this

one benefit conferred may of itself alone have been deemed sufficient to call forth the eulogium passed on us by the natives—i.e., "You English have not only brought money into the valley, but culture and morality." That a certain number of our own country-folk have found their way to this quiet spot I do not, of course, deny; for an English chaplaincy has been already inaugurated here. I visited the Bombay mosaic-work manufactory in the month of September, when the factory hands were *en vacance*, so we could not see them at

us, and were grateful when we purchased some examples from them. This part of the Tyrol is particularly prosperous from a double cause, viz., its industry and thriftiness, the excellent work exported of every description, and the fact that so many of the men go over to a specially selected place in the American States, and bring home sufficient earnings to build houses and lay by each a nest-egg. The women do the farm-work during such periods, and carry on artificers' work besides. Iron work, upholstery, wood-carving, watch-



work; but there was a beautiful little exhibition in their show-rooms, where we made some purchases at a very moderate cost.

At the other end of the town, as you enter from Toblach, a large, roughly-finished house will be seen on the right. It was formerly the school for teaching a kind of Genoese, or Maltese, filigree-work, in both gold and silver wire. The Government Institution has been removed to Buda-Pesth; but the manufacture is carried on, and lessons in the art are given by the house proprietor, Giuseppe Verocai, and his wife (formerly professors in the Government School). They were most obliging, worked before

making, burnt-wood decoration, gun-making, etc., are all carried on in this country, which claims to be inventive also, and professes to have produced the first air-gun. English is well spoken in some of the villages; but German and Italian are the languages usually employed; French, apparently, nowhere.

And now, before giving a sketch of our charming excursion from the Austrian into the Italian Tyrol, I should devote a short space to a description of the mountains, which are of so peculiar a character. The district they occupy extends from the river Adige to the Upper Piave. The name "Dolomite," or "bitter spar," denotes a mineral

compound of lime and magnesia, or Dolomite limestone, which occurs in the oolitic formations; and all such rocks contain a proportion of carbonate of iron. Now, the mountains I am describing are certainly of a mixed character, for, while much is as white as snow, and streams down like avalanches, the upper peaks look like porphyry, of hard rock, and gorgeously coloured.

I should also observe that, although "Ampezzo Dolomite" is the popular designation of the whole range and cluster of mountains in this part of the Tyrol, it ought to apply only, as a descriptive name, to the Fassa mountains—i.e. the Langkofel, Rosengarten, and Schilern, and does not describe nor properly apply to Antelao, Pelmo, Cristallo, Tofano, Sorapis, and some others. Certainly, these are by no means composed of mere limestone—a fact evidenced by the brilliant colouring of their lofty peaks, and the hard and often crystallised rocks, specimens of which I picked up beneath them. Unfortunately, I was not acquainted with any geologist who could throw light on the subject; so I can only describe the colouring—red, purple, and gold, especially when lit up by the setting sun; and my own impressions respecting them.

In the course of our drive to Cadore, situated at about twenty-two or twenty-three miles from Belluno, we passed the Italian frontier, which is fortified and garrisoned by soldiers. The whole district neighbouring on Cadore has been the scene of terrible battles. It is situated on a spur of the mountains, high above the river Pieve, which is fed by the Botte. All the neighbouring district has been victimised by the treacherous Antelao. We drove over one or more of the buried hamlets, in some places substituted by new ones. In 1868 a "boa," or stone and earth avalanche, overwhelmed Cancia, and pathetic stories are told of the efforts made by the doomed inhabitants to escape. In one instance, the howling of a dog over a certain spot induced neighbours to shovel away some of the loose *débris* disclosing the poor animal's master and his wife standing upright, and each with

a child in their arms! Borea was another of these ill-fated villages, buried beneath a flood of white and grey powder, mixed with rock, and trees uprooted and carried down with terrific force, within the space of two minutes, in the last century; and a still more terrible catastrophe took place early in the present century, when Marceana and Taulen were buried, with 257 of their inhabitants. (See Dr. Robertson's account.)

Several little towns between Cortina and Cadore possess much of interest—ancient houses, palaces, churches, and relics of art. Chiusa is remarkable for its old fortress and historic records; Vodo, made famous by Maria Antonia Talamini, so distinguished as a doctor of medicine, and one of whose family introduced the potato, since become the main staff of life in that neighbourhood.

It is also a happy hunting-ground for lovers of ancient art and rare books, the place having been made famous in history by the library of Don Tomaso de Lucca. Cadore itself is distinguished as the birthplace of Titian, whose house bears a tablet indicating it as that in which he was born; and there is a fine statue of him in the square, by Dal Zotto. There is an excellent hotel in the square, where we dined.

After a week's visit to Cortina, we sent our luggage back to Toblach by the mail omnibus, and took a splendid route by carriage and pair up the Val Popena, between Cristallo and Mte. Piana, passing the lake of Misurina, by the Tre Croce, and down to the Dürren See, in the valley where we had previously travelled by the mail car. Here I should warn the traveller that, owing to the steepness both of ascent and descent, much walking has to be done, even when drawn by two horses; also that, to make a long day and secure our trains, we were in the carriage by 6 a.m. The reader can form an opinion on this point by reference to the photograph of the "Tre Croce" ascent. The crosses were erected in memory of three poor men who lost their lives there. We dined at Lanech, by the Dürren See, where there is a good *pension* hotel, and drove on to Toblach. From thence we took the train to Bozen, and took rooms in an excellent hotel, the

Schwarzer Greif, in the large square opposite the cathedral; and much regretted that we could only remain there for two days, before proceeding to Riva.

Here I may do well to give a brief notice to Gries, on the outskirts of Botzen, as a charming health resort, suitable for a spring or winter residence. The villa *pensions* stand in gardens, and there is a public garden, cut in sunny terraces, zigzaging up the adjoining hill, with resting-places and shelters from sun or rain, fragrant and beautiful, with an abundance of flowers. A relative of mine has, more than once, availed himself of this place (Gries) as a health-resort: and his address was the Hotel Badl, where he met with good society.

We left Botzen at 7 a.m. for Riva, and slept at a nice hotel, close to the lake, which washed the garden walls, and again started early by boat (at 7 a.m.); and were struck by the wonderful colour of the water—the bluest we had ever seen. We landed at Densenzano, passing and calling at many little villages, chiefly composed of boarding-houses and fruit-farms. The coast is called the Riviera of the lake of Garda, and is much resorted to by invalids. From Densenzano we took the train to Milan, arriving sufficiently early to see the cathedral and drive out to the celebrated cemetery. We always put up at the Hôtel de France, in the Vittoria Emanuele Street, close to the cathedral, and much to be recommended. The following morning we left by the 7 a.m. train for the Pass of the St. Gothard, and arrived at Lucerne between 5 and 6 p.m., *via* Como and Lugano. Our last resting-place, before our return to Basle, was Berne, and where we spent some days at the old "Pension Herter," in the main street, which looks out on the cathedral at the back. Many of my friends and family



MONTE CRISTALLO

have always gone there for the last sixty years; and we never go elsewhere, which is saying much in its praise.

And now my story is concluded. To render it still more practically valuable, I will add a few directions as to the tickets, of which three sets are required. Ours, from London to Basle and back, were from Messrs. Cook; and we obtained "Rund Reise" tickets from Dr. Lund, which franked us on, *via* Zurich, Sargam, Arlberg, Innsbruck, Brenner, Botzen, Mori, Arco, Riva, Densenzano, Milan, Chiasso, St. Gothard, Lucerne, Berne, and Basle. But to visit the Dolomites we had to take a separate set of tickets at Franzenfest—by rail and mail-car to Toblach and Cortina, and back to Toblach—at the trifling cost of three florins each.



WRITTEN BY FRANKFORT SOMMERVILLE.
MONTAGU BARSTOW

ILLUSTRATED BY

I.

I AM still comparatively young, but I have been for a goodly number of years in the London detective service, and have taken my share, I think, in the tracking of crime, in the hunting and pursuing of evil-doers until they were impelled into the very arms of justice and their own undoing. Yet, harrowing scenes and terrible things as I have been witness of, I make it my petition to the Father of mercies that never again may I encounter anything one tithe so agonising as the incidents which I am about to narrate. But, indeed, it were impossible.

When I first met with Marion Baker she was about twenty-three, and I just on ten years her senior. Marion was one of the most charming examples I ever met with of what I may call a dainty woman. Slight but well-made and of most attractive bearing, she impressed beholders not alone with her beauty—and that was very considerable—but with that indefinable charm that

surrounds a true woman and a lady at ease with herself and the world, ever winning, ever gracious. She was fair, with small attractive features, small hands and feet, and an ever smiling countenance; beside which she had great intelligence and no inconsiderable amount of wit. When I became acquainted with her, Marion had for some time filled a good post as school-mistress. She lived in a lodging with a friend, frequently visiting her widowed mother. The latter lady had been left in comfortable circumstances; but through some slight but almost insignificant incompatibility of temper, above all, from the independence of her character, Marion had not for several years allowed herself to be a charge upon her mother. A mutual friend of Marion's brother, Jack Baker, and myself, introduced me to him, and a week or two later he invited me to his mother's house at Norwood. Here it was that, on a second visit, I first met Marion Baker.

This description will naturally be

taken as a prelude to the announcement that I speedily became attracted to this charming girl. Such was the case: after a short and, to me, delightful acquaintance, I became deeply enamoured of her. Marion, although she had plenty of admirers, returned my affection with a warmth which demonstrated to me the depth and devotion of her character; and we became betrothed. Daily I beheld fresh beauties,

may say, a considerable measure of esteem and a very respectable position. I therefore hesitated not to marry; and after two or three months Marion and I became man and wife, and we took a comfortable house in the neighbourhood where her mother dwelt.

Too true, alas! have I found it in my observation that marriages are not made in heaven. Rather would I suggest, could I say it without being accused of



"MARION WAS ONE OF THE MOST CHARMING EXAMPLES OF
WHAT I MAY CALL A DAINTY WOMAN"

new charms open out in the mind and spirit of this excellent girl; daily I became more fond of her. And it will be realised that at this time I was no immature love-sick youth, accustomed as I had become—as one must become in the career which I followed—to the shows, the deceptions, and the meaner side of humanity.

Through some past success in my profession, I had built up for myself, I

exaggeration, that often enough they seem to have been inspirations from the bottomless pit, masterpieces of the Fiend into all of whose works is put a foretaste of hell itself.

My marriage, on the contrary, was unalloyed harmony and happiness: no ripple seemed to break on the calm tenor of our home: there were none of the equivocations or deceptions, or disillusionments that so commonly

arrive to tear the veil from an union and reveal but an irksome yoke in all its ugly nakedness. I grew only more passionately fond of my wife—a passion calmed, however, by the satisfaction of her continual presence and reciprocal devotion.

But my professional duties naturally at this time absorbed much of my attention. Less than a year after my marriage, the attention of the authorities was called to a peculiarly delicate and extraordinary case. The facts were as follows:—Some two years previously, in the small town of Godlington, Hertfordshire, a young widow named Merton was filling the position of housekeeper to a wealthy and noble family. She was, herself, of good family and had been in comfortable circumstances, but her late husband had died very soon after the marriage and had left her poorly off. For this reason she entered the service of Lady Fanshawe. As her ladyship had for several years been travelling in Europe with her son, the young lord, on account of the latter's health, and was seldom at The Chase, Mrs. Merton, who was a superior and cultivated person, in whom was placed implicit trust, was left very much to herself. Friends in the neighbourhood she had some few, and the unfortunate young widow was a frequent and welcome guest at a number of what were called the best houses. For the rest, Mrs. Merton led a very quiet life during the absence of the family, keeping on but two or three of the servants. Her relatives, I believe, were few, and as they lived in a distant part of England, she did not see them frequently. As far as we gathered afterwards, the young widow's bereavement was still a source of grief to her, and her manners were somewhat subdued and melancholy, except occasionally, perhaps, with one or two intimates.

Somewhat suddenly, and after only a few days' indisposition, Mrs. Merton died, during the absence in Italy of Lady Fanshawe. The doctor who had attended her pronounced that heart disease was the cause of death, accompanied and accelerated by a condition of mind described by women as "fretting." Lady Fanshawe, greatly grieved

at the loss of so faithful a servitor and tender a friend, returned to attend the funeral and to fill the place vacated by the deceased. After placing a distant relative to take care of the estate, her ladyship rejoined her son abroad.

They say that murder will out. I do know this, that the manner in which the truth often begins to work, and work gradually and hidden from sight, as if it were a species of yeast, in murder and other matters, until by degrees it assumes a bold and undeniable aspect, is one of the most wonderful things in the world, and would assuredly make one believe that some higher and unseen Power is at work directing these things.

It was so in the present case. Before anything was heard in the outside world—which, indeed, was not until more than a year after the decease of Mrs. Merton—rumours and whispers had been exchanged among the servants, whispers and hints that the late housekeeper had met with her death by an agency that had not been revealed, that there was a strangeness about the whole affair, and something that required clearing up. Why should these dark hints have arisen and grown and spread—grown, I say, until they became a loud voice that insisted and could not be silenced? Why was this? for as far as knowledge went these servants had nothing to go upon. All they discussed were vague surmises; as far as apparent foundation went, baseless conjectures. Nevertheless, the suggestion, or whatever it was, spread; and the suspicion that the cause of Mrs. Merton's death had not really been revealed was communicated to the police.

It is no reflection on the police to say that in a larger town probably, after a few enquiries had been made, the matter might have been dismissed as a silly servant girl's notion. I do not say this would have been the case, but, indeed, such things have happened, even when the suspicion had a more substantial shadow of foundation. But in Godlington a sensation was of some importance, and the local police, scenting the mere possibility of a more or less exciting case, made vigorous enquiries among the people of the house. The situation was this: The household, besides Mrs.

Merton at the time of her death, she being virtual mistress in the absence of Lady Fanshawe, consisted of two maids, a gardener, a coachman and a boy. It was the two women-servants who were the foremost in insisting on the rumour that there was something strange connected with Mary Merton's death. But what? They had been mostly with her during the short illness which preceded her end. That illness was characterised by spasms and giddiness, which, it was true, as others pointed out, was also not inconsistent with the doctor's theory of heart disease. At the end she sank rapidly, and was subject to profuse perspirations and other symptoms which were not the signs of that malady. They then remembered that a short while before she was taken actually ill the deceased had had a number of attacks of sickness, which she herself attributed to a weak stomach consequent on a generally deteriorated state of health and lowered nervous system. Here was all there was to go upon, for otherwise nothing had been noticed at the time of death to arouse suspicion. Had the deceased ever manifested any signs of being tired of her life or of wishing to do away with herself? Had she ever spoken of suicide? Such were the questions posed a number of times by the police, and the answer was invariably, No. Had the lady ever manifested any dislike for anyone or dropped a hint of anybody bearing enmity towards her? But here, again, the would-be elucidators of this curious case were met by an emphatic negative. For a time the police suspended the matter; finally an exhumation and autopsy of the body were ordered.

The latter, held in the presence of four medical men, owing to the long time that had expired since the interment, was conducted under the most difficult circumstances. The upshot was the unanimous declaration on the part of the doctors that there were in the stomach distinct traces of a virulent poison! That poison was believed to be antimony, and the opinion was held that its working had been gradual.

Here, then, was a full-fledged mystery. There were three possibilities—that the poison had been self-administered, that

its presence was due to an accident, or that some one had poisoned the deceased; and all three seemed equally absurd. A Scotland Yard detective was sent for, and I was ordered to do the work.

II.

I went down to Godlington one evening in August; and, as I should have to stay there, I determined to set vigorously about the affair, and get it over as quickly as possible, so as to be enabled to return to my young wife, whom I had not up till then left more than, perhaps, for a day and a night. After an interview of several hours with the Chief Constable, I formed my plans. I determined first to become acquainted with Mr. Brill, the coachman at The Chase, and get myself introduced by him as a fellow-servant, or some similar functionary, into the servants' hall of The Chase. By listening to the unguarded talk of these people I might pick up the thread of a clue. But, indeed, the more I examined the matter after learning the facts, the more forlorn a hope did it appear to me. For there was no shadow of suspicion attaching to any of the servants, and my only object in getting among them without letting them know who I was, was the simple knowledge that these people always talk with more freedom among themselves than if they know they are being examined by anyone of an official nature. I carefully pursued my enquiries, and had to listen for several days in consequence to a good deal of vague and absurd talk.

After a while of wallowing in this sea of surmise, however, I came to a conclusion. The theory of accident could be dismissed, as it would undoubtedly have asserted itself, and the evidence of a poison having been taken by mere accident could not so thoroughly have perished. Secondly, the theory of suicide was untenable, for the same or similar reasons and others. No trace of poison or of bottles had been found in the house, no chemist ever remembered selling anything of the kind to deceased. Finally, although she suffered, as I have said, from the loss of her husband, she was not of a melan-

choly or despairing temperament, but was hopeful and had religious sentiments.

From these and other deductions, then, the firm conclusion I came to was that Mary Merton had met with foul play of a peculiarly deliberate and diabolical kind.

But my work was only commencing. I had spent several days at Godlington, and had run up to town once to see my wife, when I came quite by accident, a servant having mentioned it, upon a hat-box filled with useless odds and ends that had belonged to the deceased housekeeper. It had lain in a garret ever since, and was the only portion of her personal effects that had not been sent on to her sisters in Durham. I examined the contents—a few odd gloves and other small articles of attire, hat pins, tradesmen's bills, two or three notes, which consisted chiefly of invitations—that was all. But among the scraps of letters was one that attracted my attention. It was a torn half-sheet of paper, without address or signature, written in a bold girlish hand, and contained the words: "I will have my revenge for that some day"—the whole passage underlined. The preceding portion to which these words probably referred was torn away, and the letter went on

with some matter which I did not understand, and which my memory has not retained. From this context, however, and from the faded writing, I concluded that the letter had been sent to the late woman by a girlish friend years before—in fact, when they were at school together—and that the words that had caught my eye referred to some girlish joke or playful threat.

It was, of course, too absurd to imagine that I had here anything to go upon; and, placing the paper in my pocket-book, almost without thinking, I speedily forgot the circumstance.

Now, the case having become so much more complicated and difficult, my superiors at Scotland Yard deputed a fellow-detective to give me some aid in the affair. The man chosen was Clement Jeffreys, an older man than myself, who had had a great deal of experience, and had proved himself to be a particularly clever detective. It was not, I was assured, because the authorities lacked confidence in my capacity that this man was brought into the matter; but, as the case had developed such unusual features of impenetrable mystery and difficulty, it was deemed advisable to bring further intelligence and acumen to bear upon it.

Detective - Sergeant Jeffreys, then,



"IT WAS A TORN HALF-SHEET OF PAPER"

came down and consulted with me at length on the crime. He decided that, leaving me to continue my investigations in Godlington, he would go immediately to Durham and see the sisters of the deceased lady.

In two days Jeffreys returned, and we had a consultation in the police-office.

"Well, what have you done?" he asked me.

I detailed to him that the only further fact I had succeeded in tracing—a matter I had already communicated to him by wire—was that the deceased had had, and frequently visited, a woman friend, of whom nothing particular was known, except that she lodged with an old woman at a cottage in the town. This old woman had since moved, but it was not known where she now lived, or even whether she was, indeed, still living.

"I also have made a discovery," said Jeffreys. "Here are three letters addressed to Mrs. Merton, which I found among her property at her sister's house." So saying, he produced three short letters, containing nothing of particular interest or importance, addressed to Mrs. Merton. What surprised me was that they were in a handwriting that I knew well enough. I turned to the signature of each, and read plainly enough, in one "Marion Baker," in the other two, "M. Baker."

"What's up, George?" asked my companion, seeing my astonishment.

I looked at the letters for a second or two longer, to make sure there was no mistake, and then burst out laughing.

"Fine discovery, Jeffreys," I said. "But it may be of some use to us. Those letters were written by my wife. Her maiden name was Marion Baker. They must have been friends. Isn't it curious?"

"Didn't know your wife knew Mrs. Merton," Jeffreys said.

"Nor did I, my good fellow," said I.

"That's strange," my friend remarked in an offhand manner, as if hinting that there was not a perfect interchange of confidence between my wife and myself.

"Not at all," I said. "Mrs. Jackson knows that I am here in Godlington connected with the investigation of a mystery, but I probably never men-

tioned the name of Mrs. Merton to her; and if I did, is it likely she would connect it with that of a former acquaintance? I do not trouble my wife with details of the crimes I have to investigate as a detective."

"True enough," agreed my companion. "I suppose you're right too. It isn't a subject for women-folk. Did you know that Mrs. Jackson had lived in Godlington?"

"I didn't know it," I said, "If my wife ever told me it has entirely escaped my memory. A teacher, as she was, moves about a good deal, you know. But then she might have met Mrs. Merton somewhere else than in this place."

"Oh no," said Jeffreys. "Look at that letter there on the left—the only one with an address on the top. It's dated '15, Burnsey Road, Godlington.'"

I saw it was as he said. "That shows," I answered, looking at it, "that I'm as much on a useless scent as you, and that we are again thrown back."

"How so?"

"Because 15, Burnsey Road is where my old lady lived, who afterwards left and whom I cannot trace any farther. Therefore my wife was the lady friend whom Mrs. Merton visited at this address."

"How devilish odd," said Jeffreys, knitting his brows. However, there's some chance that your wife may know the habits, or something useful, about the late Mrs. Merton."

"Precious little," I added. "They can't have been great friends—they must have been mere acquaintances, or I should have heard about her from my wife. However, we'll find out what Marion knows. My wife is a very quick-witted woman, and if there is anything to be known she will be able to help us."

"We'd better run up to town at once, hadn't we?" he suggested.

"Impossible to question my wife on the matter at present," I said; and I told Mr. Jeffreys that Marion was on the point of becoming a mother, and I would not on any consideration trouble her then with so unpleasant a matter as informing her that Mrs. Merton, with whom she had been intimate, had been

murdered, or asking her any question about the deceased.

Jeffreys, a very bloodhound on a possible trail, and an unmarried man, showed some impatience at my objection. He muttered something about business.

"I don't care about that," I said. "You know, Jeffreys, that I'm as anxious as you are; but I am not going to risk my wife's health, and possibly the safety of my child, by giving her a shock like this. Seeing how very improbable it is that my wife knew anything of the housekeeper's other friends, these questions can very well wait until she is fit—and they will have to."

I had, indeed, been a little anxious during the last two days about the condition of Marion, who was very near to her time, and I was chafing at having to be away from her.

So the matter dropped for the time being. On the following day I was called to my wife's bedside. My poor Marion became the mother of a little girl.

It was not likely that I would bring any such ghastly business before her as the deplorable affair which I was investigating. Fool that I was, I have often since thought; but even had I done so, how could I have averted the ill that followed? But, indeed, the case now began to worry me, for the mystery showed no signs of clearing up, and my professional reputation was at stake.

Sitting down that evening, with the ardent wish that my wife was in a condition fit to be questioned, I drew those letters signed by Marion, which Jeffreys had entrusted to me, out of my pocket-book and re-read them. With them came the letter, which I confess I had almost forgotten, from the school-girl friend of Mrs. Merton, that I had found some days previously in the old hat-box.

Something in the turn of the words in this last letter caused me to compare it with those of my wife; and judge of my profound astonishment when I became convinced, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that it was written by the same hand. I tried to reason with myself on the improbability of the thing, but there was no getting away from the

plain fact. The formation of certain letters and strokes was almost exactly the same. All the letters were written by my wife, only the one was girlish, the others were womanly; the one undeveloped, the others showed firmness and character; there were in the one the same characteristics which afterwards became more pronounced.

So my wife had known the woman whose mysterious murder I was trying to clear up, since her childhood; they had, perhaps, been friends all their lives; and I discovered the fact by so curious an accident. I need not say that this coincidence caused me intense surprise. Yet how unlikely it was that my little wife should know anything of her friend's last end. Whatever bare possibility there might be, this latest discovery made it all the more improper that I should broach the matter to Marion herself at that juncture.

I returned to Godlington. I found that Jeffreys had been hard at work pursuing enquiries. But for the next day or two we were both called up to London on other important and more immediate business. I had not told my fellow-detective at once of my further discovery regarding the letters. He might, I thought, worry the young mother unduly: it would be time enough when questions were put to her on the matter.

That opportunity very quickly arrived. Jeffreys had reported to his superiors the fact that a former acquaintance of Mrs. Merton had been discovered, and as soon as my wife could leave her bed we were ordered to question her.

III.

Marion received me and Mr. Jeffreys, whom she had not before met, in a dressing room; I held the child, sitting beside my dear one, while my fellow-detective quietly asked her to answer formally the questions he should put to her. She told us a number of unimportant details about the life in Godlington of her old friend, the dead woman. As I had anticipated, it caused her considerable trouble; she answered nervously, and seemed to be overwhelmed at the horror of the tragedy that was being



"WE WANT YOU TO BE VERY CAREFUL HOW YOU ANSWER

told her. At times she was excited—I had almost said hysterical. Yet Jeffreys did not spare her any details, and I could not intercede.

"We want you to be very careful how you answer," said Jeffreys mechanically.

I had been toying with the little pink aimless fingers of the baby, and I looked up at the speaker. I stared at him as he looked at my wife, while she hesitated, and the words "be very careful" repeated themselves in my ear.

My God! Never shall I forget the moments of agony that followed. My knees shook, and beads of perspiration stood on my face as I realised the hideous and unutterable fact that the detective *suspected my wife of the murder*.

He thought my innocent darling capable of deliberately and in cold blood murdering her friend. I read his suspicions in the man's hard face. How shall I describe what followed. The breath seemed to leave my body, and the babe in my arms shook, as I realised what this suspicion meant. But Jeffreys did not appear to notice me as he continued to question my wife.

Whether she fully realised what the

man's thoughts were I shall never know, but her manner changed rapidly. She stood up calm and very pale, leaning against the table, her hand tightly clenched upon it, and looked at him. Her lips remained slightly apart, her eyes very wide open: a change of character seemed to come over her. My poor wife had discovered in this man an enemy to her peace, and there now seemed something snake-like or cat-like in her nature as she stood defying him. It seemed as if another side to her character had been awakened to meet this emergency. She astonished me.

"You lived in Godlington for six months," he said.

"Yes."

"All the time with Mrs. Gray, of 15, Burnsey Road?"

"Yes."

"You knew Mrs. Merton all the time, and she frequently came to see you?"

"Now and then."

My wife's answers are very low—only just audible.

"For a time, at any rate, frequently?"

"Yes."

"Did you ever quarrel?"

"No."

"Did you ever see a curious jewel Mrs. Merton possessed?"

"Yes."

"What was it like, Mrs. Jackson?"

"It was a large Eastern sapphire."

"Very large?"

"Yes."

"Of great value?"

"I believe so."

I saw that Jeffreys had obtained further information, of which he had told me nothing. He continued:

"Mrs. Merton valued it highly?"

"She seemed to."

"Where did she get it from?"

"Her father left it her."

"She would joke about its so-called magical virtues?"

"She has done so."

"And when she died it disappeared?"

My wife was becoming exhausted, but she answered firmly:

"I didn't pay any attention."

"Did you see it after her death?"

"No."

Marion seemed to choke. The interview had been too much for her; and I told Jeffreys that these memories, in her present enfeebled state, were causing her great emotion.

"I have done," he said.—"Mrs. Jackson, did you know this Mary Merton before you went to Godlington, before her marriage?"

What fiend tempted me to answer for her, I know not; but before she had time to frame a reply I said sharply "No." (I had not yet told Jeffreys of the letter written by her when a girl.) He waited, and my wife shook her head.

There had been more questions asked, though it took only a few minutes. But the insufferable horror of it made it seem like hours. I was hot and cold by turns, my ears buzzed, I knew not where to look, I could have shrieked with pain at seeing the woman I loved so dearly in such a situation. The scene has come back to me often since then, when I have seen my wife and her accuser face to face like bird and hound: and the great drops of sweat have dropped off me, and I have groaned with agony in my loneliness in the dark night.

Jeffreys, with a sharp "Good morn-

ing!" left the room. Before following him, and while placing the baby in her lap, I took my wife's hand and kissed her quickly, without a word. She was icy cold and trembled slightly at my touch, while in her eyes there was a cold, hard glitter that I had never seen before. It looked like hate.

I went out with a muttered curse on the head of the man who had caused her such suffering.

That night I did not return home till I knew that my wife would be in bed. Coward that I was, I dared not face her; I dared not take her innocent form in my arms with the knowledge that I had helped to bring this horrible suspicion on her, and that she knew it; that perhaps—oh, my God!—to her I seemed to share Jeffreys' hideous suspicions. But I determined that I would quickly see this man again and clear up the ghastly affair, reasserting my wife's wounded honour. With these disturbing thoughts filling my mind, I bent over my wife without kissing her, for fear of waking her, and then I lay down in the small bed at the foot of hers which I had lately occupied.

But I did not sleep. I tossed about, and struggled with my thoughts and with the sleep that would not come and relieve me. I noticed that Marion slept, but it was a heavy, troubled slumber, in which she tossed about a great deal, and muttered in her unconsciousness. This showed me how much she had been upset. Once she got up at the cry of the babe and fed it, soothing it with quiet but passionate motherly words, each of which sounded like a sob low in her breast, because she looked over at me and thought I slept. Then, the little one being comforted again, the poor girl arose and went to a drawer, as if, worried, she was searching for something; perhaps, though, she was only making sure that a certain thing was at hand, for she returned. And each time as she passed the head of the bed I saw a white, drawn, suffering face, yet I said nothing; I made no sign that I was awake—why, I know not, and I have sought for the reason in my heart.

Why I did not speak to her in comfort—why I did not take her to my arms and dissipate her fears, as one would

with a frightened child, I cannot say. Or, yes—I was afraid of the horrible false thing that was between us; I shrank from her reproaches, her innocent look of astonishment at me that had apparently brought this thing upon her. Craven that I was!

For one terrible half-hour the thought haunted me; Suppose my wife were guilty—imagine through some hideous supposition that the accusation might be true, that the crime might be brought home to her in a court of justice. It was the mocking of some fiend of darkness, and with a shudder of horror I buried my head in my pillow and banished the thought.

But the spectre was there—the suspicion. When Marion went back to bed, I lay awake in mine till—God forgive me!—I actually envied my wife the sleep she was able to get—if, indeed, she did sleep. I think of these simple facts now, and each memory of that night is like a knife-thrust in my heart.

Morning came at last, and as we sat trifling over breakfast Marion asked me whether any clue had been obtained as to the murder. I said no. My wife looked at me in a justly offended manner, and I shrank from telling her of the trouble I had been in all night. But I showed her the wretched letter which I was concealing from Jeffreys, for fear of its increasing his unworthy ideas. I showed it to her without a word of comment beyond that I had found it. She looked at it, and turned of a deadlier pallor. Then again, I saw in her eyes that terrifying look I had noticed on the previous evening—that look of the baffled and wounded creature in torture, but still defiant.

My wife believed that I also had suspicions of her. And I did nothing to reassure her. Do men usually remain quiet at such terrible junctures, or am I one of the meanest-spirited of men?

Two days passed. I was kept by the office in London, and then I realised that the case had been taken out of my hands and committed entirely to Jeffreys. I realised, too, with agony that he was tracking my wife, and that *I could not prevent it*. There were the letters, the facts that my wife knew the victim well, that the latter frequently

visited her, that Mrs. Merton had few other friends . . . and what else Jeffreys had found I know not. But this in the hands of a skilful detective would suffice to arrest her. If this came about I believed it would kill my poor darling.

I lived in a hell in those two days; my anguish was bitter indeed, as I felt that my fellow-detective was closing the toils round my wife.

IV.

On the evening of the second day I found that Jeffreys had wired to his superiors informing them that his important clue was proving highly satisfactory, and that probably the next day he would proceed to an arrest. The same evening I read the following paragraph in a London newspaper:—

THE GODLINGTON MYSTERY.

With regard to the curious crime known as the Godlington Mystery—the murder of a woman by poison two years ago—Detective-Sergeant Jeffreys, who is in charge of the case, which has baffled the emissaries of justice for so long, is following a most important clue. As to the exact information they possess, the police are reticent; but we learn that an arrest of a sensational nature is imminent, and that the accused person is in a most unexpected quarter. The apprehension has, indeed, only been delayed during the last two days owing to the unexampled strangeness of the affair and the possibility of a mistake; but the able officer in charge of the case is now in possession of facts that leave no room for doubt.

There was no question as to what this paragraph meant. I hastened back with the object of trying to concert some plan for averting the almost inevitable catastrophe that was about to fall on my home.

What was my horror and astonishment to find that my wife had gone! She had left the house, taking with her the baby. Had, then, the sinister work already been accomplished, and was the innocent child in custody on a charge of murder? I went to the servant girl, but she was as astonished as myself. No one had called, she said, and she had not heard her mistress leave the house. So I argued that she could not have been arrested, as the servant would have been summoned and the baby left with her.

Undoubtedly my poor wife, frightened and paralysed with the shocking charge, had taken refuge in flight, and, perhaps believing me to be in league with her suspects, had not confided in me her destination. I knew not where she could have gone. In this plight I rushed first to the police office; but, not daring to ask whether my wife had been there, for fear of arousing suspicion, I simply enquired whether anything had happened; and, with some surprise, the officer in charge answered me "No."

From here I sped to the house of my wife's mother; but here she had not been heard of. I did not tell the old lady of the danger her daughter was in; and my mother-in-law concluded that she had gone to visit some friends, and perhaps had been taken with temporary indisposition. Though my mother-in-law had been with her daughter at her confinement, and frequently since, the dreadful secret had been kept from her. I should find Marion, she said, or a message from her, as soon as I returned.

With great efforts to hide my agitation I left and went home. There was no sign of my wife. I went from house to house where it was possible she might be till far in the night, and in the grey morning I returned home without having discovered a trace of her. In utter exhaustion I flung myself on a couch to gather my thoughts, and I fell into a troubled sleep. From this I was awakened by a knock at the door, and found that the morning was already advanced. I admitted two men. One of them was Jeffreys, and at the sight of him I fell against the wall almost in a faint.

"You are ill," said Jeffreys, kindly enough. "You know my business. Poor fellow! It must be done. Try and bear up, and let's have it over."

I looked at him and then burst into a loud mirthless laugh. Jeffreys, I could see, thought I was hysterical (he put his arm round me, which I flung away), and I know not, indeed, whether it was this, or that I was overjoyed at my wife's escape, temporary as it was likely to be. I told him his bird had flown, and laughed again. Jeffreys, leaving his assistant at the hall door, searched the house. Then he came back to me, and

I told him how my wife had disappeared, and how I had searched for her all night. And, strangely enough, he believed me. He said no more, but, grinding his heel into the ground with vexation, turned and went away.

Now, I thought, I am to watch the hunt—to be a spectator of how she is tracked down.

That day I resigned my position in the force.

For two days the search of the police went on. For two days, but for widely different purposes, I sought high and low about London for my wretched wife. The police had no clue: a description of her was published. I had not the remotest idea where she could be. The suspense was so great that I almost felt I should have welcomed the police finding her, in order to know that she and the child were safe.

I searched in every possible quarter; but there was no sign. I knew she had little money, and what she would do when that little was exhausted I could not guess, nor whether she would wait till then to do something in desperation. I did not believe she had any friends that I was not acquainted with. I tried to resign myself to the thought that she was safe, and that as soon as the present pursuit was over, she would return or let me know where she was. But I could not rest.

I had, however, 'after two days' further search come to the conclusion that my wife had left London. London, it is true, is a terribly vast place in which to search for one who wishes to hide; but my wife was not a criminal, she was only a fugitive through fright, she had a young baby, and she could not help but think of me, I argued. I concluded that she had gone to some friends in the country. I would leave our wrecked home very quietly in the morning, and go to some old friends of hers in the provinces to seek for news of her.

With this determination I started for home from one of the low quarters on the south side of the river, to which I had wandered. As I walked along I saw in an archway a woman wrapped in a shawl, bearing in her arms a bundle. I could not tell whether she begged, but a murmur seemed to come from her,

and as I passed her there was a distinct smell of spirits.

Not being in much of a humour for listening to the troubles of others, I dug my head in my big coat—for it was cold—and passed on. Before I had gone many yards, however, I heard behind me a strange choke, followed by a cry of apparent agony. The choke was only just audible, and the street was quiet; the succeeding cry was poignant rather than loud. Something must have happened to the woman I have just passed, occurred to me; probably a drunken fit. I turned sharply back. She was gone, and nowhere to be seen. It could not have been a case of drunkenness, for in that case the woman could not so totally have disappeared.

This occurrence, coming on my already agitated condition, completely unnerved me. A horrible shivering seized me—I seemed to be gripped by some strange convulsion.

I turned down the first side street on my retraced steps. There was a small public-house; I entered it, and called for liquor. Here I remained for some time in a corner, trying to calm myself. Then, as it got late, and the bar was empty, the landlady addressed me:

"You ain't well, sir, seems to me."

I admitted that I was not. I told her I had had a great deal of trouble, and was upset.

"Ah, them troubles," she said, "them troubles . . . they comes to hall alike. There's a poor thing upstairs now, sir, wot with her babby and her . . ."

I started violently from my preoccupation and asked her what she said. The garrulous creature went on that there



"I SAW IN AN ARCHWAY A WOMAN WRAPPED
IN A SHAWL."

was a young woman who had taken a room there two days before, who "seemed superior like," whose little baby had that same day become seriously ill. I listened tremblingly.

"If you don't mind, sir," she continued, "my 'usband and the others 'r' aht, if you wouldn't mind a-settin' in the bar 'alf a second, I'll run up and see ah she's a-gettin' on."

I said, "Yes, yes, go," and she took up a lamp. Instead of staying in the bar, I ran to the door to see that there was no possibility of the police being on the watch, and then followed the woman quickly up the stairs.

She had already entered a small room, the closeness, poverty, and dinginess of which I cannot describe; there was a strong smell also. As I entered she uttered an exclamation of astonishment. There, on the wretched bed, as I could dimly see by the light the woman held, lay a form wrapped in the old shawl. It was the shawl I had seen previously in the archway, the cry from the owner of which caused me to turn back.

The woman was holding it up. I stepped across. The figure was my wife, and the child was by her side, both dead.

The landlady's people, coming in at that minute, were despatched for a doctor. It was too late. The child, he said, had succumbed to exposure; the mother had poisoned herself with a strong dose of antimony, and neither had been dead more than two hours.

I searched in my poor girl's pockets. There was no money left; she had even pawned her jacket, and borrowed from the landlady the vile shawl she wore.

Then the police came. In my grief I did not know whether they had discovered my wife's hiding place or whether they had been summoned; but

I showed them to the bed and laughed as I told them that again the bird had flown—and for ever.

I expect that in my bitterness I said many immoderate things of Jeffreys and of the common but gentle people who tried to comfort me. But I had heard my child's dying gasp, and my wife had quietly lain down and died, while I, who sought her, was in the room below.

* * * *

[After the strain of the burial, and other things, the narrator of the above broke down and became very ill, and although he recovered in a measure and seemed as though he would mend, he died in less than a year after. He appeared always to retain a perfect faith that the wretched woman, his wife, was innocent. Such simple confidence could not have been simulated. The feeling of sympathy for him on all hands was intense. His wife's name was never mentioned. That creature seems, in the crime for which she suffered—though not by the hand of the law—to have been actuated by a revengeful spirit feeding and growing for years on the memory of some girlish jealousy, helped by cupidity for the possession of a curious stone belonging to her victim, which after the crime she sold. The case displayed the possession of a very extraordinary character. — W. JEFFREYS.]





A Trip on a Tramp Steamer

WRITTEN BY W. RICHARDS COLLINS. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

IT was mid-day in July that we left Barry Dock with coal for Constantinople.

As I stood on the deck of the s.s. "Lundy," I wondered if she ever could be clean again, but the next morning the pumps had done their work, and she was transformed.

I noted the various watering-places that I knew as we passed down Channel. How different they looked from the water! When we were off Ilfracombe, we tested compasses by swinging round. I asked the Captain if the people on shore wouldn't think that we were unmanageable, but he said they were quite used to that sort of thing. At five the steward informed me that tea was ready, and as I was certainly ready for tea, I made my way to the little saloon aft, where I found the captain and mate waiting for me.

After tea I amused myself getting my things in order in my cabin, which opened into the saloon. As there was not much to see and no one to talk to,

every one being busy, I retired to my bunk in good time before we arrived in rough water. I was disgusted to find the next morning that I was not anxious for breakfast, and wished to be left alone. However, I soon recovered, and got up in time for dinner. I deemed it prudent not to essay a smoke, thinking that the air would be more beneficial. So I fetched a book to look at, as we were now heading across to Ushant, and there was nothing to be seen.

In due course, having crossed the Bay, which looked as though it couldn't be rough, we sighted the coast of Portugal, and the captain pointed out to me several groups of unpleasant-looking rocks, which could tell tales of wrecks.

There is not much variety on board a cargo steamer. Breakfast at eight, or thereabouts; dinner at 12.30; tea at five, and bed when one feels inclined, with intervals in which much tobacco and many novels are consumed, and an occasional game of chess or cards.

On the morning of the fourth or fifth

day I awoke, and espied the Spanish coast through my porthole. We were quite close, and one could see the red-tiled cottages on the hill-side, which was baked an even brown, with no sign of anything green. Soon we passed "The Rock," where we stood in to signal, and then away again, leaving the land behind as we continued our way towards the Algerian coast.

It was perceptibly hotter after passing the Straits, and one was glad to keep under the awnings, in spite of which I found I got horribly burnt—for the first time in my life.

Each morning I used to repair to the chart-house, where the Captain initiated me in the mysteries of navigation. I tried my hand with the sextant, but the horizon had a way of jumping up and down in an annoying manner when I thought I had got it.

By this time the ship had been scraped, and the crew were employed in painting her. I did my share in painting the name on the life-belts, though I don't think "The Purser" generally does so.

We passed fairly near Algiers, near enough to see the town pretty well with the glasses; but we did not stop. I noticed some particularly fine effects just after sunset. The African mountains seemed to retain the colour quite a long time. I made a sketch of the boat one night, with the mountains in the distance, and was fortunate enough to hit off a tolerably accurate result. The first few times I tried sketching on board I hardly succeeded well, as the brush refused to go where it was wanted, but I soon got into it after a little practice.

I had one very good model—an old salt with a fine head. He was very much flattered at being sketched, and asked me if he was going to be exhibited. He seemed much delighted when I told him "yes, probably."

I took some plug tobacco with me for the sailors, and gave it to the bo'sun to distribute. He came up to me a day or so after and thanked me for it, saying, "But it is strong, sir." I said, thinking they didn't like it, "I'm sorry it's too strong for you." To which he replied by a broad grin and "Oh, it couldn't be too strong for us, sir; it's the best

tobacco I ever tasted, a pipe of it nearly makes yer drunk."

After passing Cape Bon I noticed a small cloud on the horizon all by itself, and gradually below the cloud one could discern a darkness which proved to be Pantelaria, a small island belonging to Italy, used as a convict settlement. This we left on our starboard, and passed between Sicily and Malta without sighting either.

The next land I saw was Cape Malea, which we rounded early one morning, about 4.30. Here there is a small stone hut in which lived a hermit who had been a sailor, but having been wrecked three times in attempting to round the cape, he built himself the hut on the point, intending to pass the rest of his life there. I was told he used to come out and show himself if a boat blew her siren, but he was evidently not up when we passed.

The Grecian Archipelago is truly a beautiful spot, although very few of the islands have any trees, what one takes for trees in the distance proving to be windmills on closer acquaintance, used in the manufacture of wine.

We passed between Tenedos and the Asiatic mainland, and then headed for the Dardanelles, having first displayed our ensign.

The North shore literally bristles with guns, one sees the muzzles of big Krupp guns peeping out from among the shrubs on the cliffs in a very forbidding way. I think I would rather not be on the first boat of a fleet forcing the Dardanelles, especially passing Chanak, where the channel is very narrow, the opposite shores coming close together and having forts with heavy guns at the points.

Here one has to get permission to proceed; a launch came alongside, and the Mate took the ship's papers for inspection. I was on the bridge looking over into the launch, and they asked who I was, and were told, "The Purser," at which they seemed somewhat surprised, saying they didn't know ships of our class carried a Purser.

We were fortunate in getting up just before sunset, as no boat is allowed to pass Chanak going up after sunset, 12 o'clock Turkish time. I noticed a clock

on the jetty which said 11.30, so we were not much too soon. The Captain told me that he was fired at on one occasion (a blank cartridge) as they thought he was attempting to pass, though he was only looking out for a place to anchor. The best of it was, he had a bill presented to him for the cost of the shot; I don't think it was paid, though.

We passed two or three Turkish men-of-war of a very ancient type; they had come down from the Golden Horn to go to Crete, but the Admiral didn't like to trust them in the open sea, so they remained in the Dardanelles.

anchored in the Bosphorus, opposite the Harem palace. At about mid-day I went ashore with the Captain, and having presented one of my letters of introduction, went with a friend to lunch at a Greek restaurant in Pera. When it was getting towards sunset my friend put me into a caique, and told the boatman to row me to the "Lundy." He started all right, but soon I began to think that he did not know where I wanted to go, as he kept close in shore, past the Harem Palace and the "Lundy," in spite of my gesticulation in her direction, to which he replied "Pek-chôk,"



LOADING GRAIN

Having crossed the Marmora during the night, we sighted Constantinople, the Queen of Cities, on the morning of the fifteenth day.

The sun was drawing the mist up from the city, and the domes and minarets of the Mosques shone like burnished gold; it was more like a wonderful dream than a reality.

We picked up the Pilot who had been expecting us, and he furnished me with a London paper, four days old of course, but I had not seen one for a fortnight, so was glad enough of it.

We passed the Seraglio Point and

which meant nothing to me, though he was only trying to reassure me. I soon discovered why he was apparently going so out of the way, as when he turned the boat's head across the Bosphorus we were swept by the current towards the Golden Horn, and only just rounded the bows of the "Lundy," and then had to look sharp in getting hold of the gangway before we were swept past it.

Early the next morning (Saturday) we steamed up the Horn through the bridges, and got ready to unload. I decamped forthwith, as coal-dust in large quantities is not pleasant.

I had an invitation to go up the Bosphorus to a cricket match at The Sweet Waters of Asia, so repaired to the quay, where I found several of the eleven waiting for the launch, which was coming over from Moda with the ladies. We had not very long to wait before she arrived, and we started on our trip. It was exceedingly hot, even on the water, and one was glad to keep under the awnings. We landed at a pretty little quay outside a small palace belonging to some Pasha, and walked along the banks of a small stream till we came to a level piece of turf in the valley, almost surrounded by tall trees.

The match had not been in progress long before we had a large native audience, the women squatting together at a distance from us looked very picturesque in their various coloured dresses.

The match having concluded and tea finished, we repaired to the launch, and had a delightful return journey.

When I arrived at the landing-stage I saw the Turk whom a friend of mine had instructed to pass my things at the Custom House, for which purpose I had left my passport with him. When he saw me he said, "No good without you," by which I understood that he had not been successful in doing so, and that I must go in person to see my things passed. However, the place was now closed, so I had to make my way to the hotel minus my baggage, and go down on the Sunday morning to get it passed.

They liked my paint-box immensely, and I had rather a difficulty in preventing them from squeezing all the contents of the tubes out; as it was, they made a horrible mess of it; otherwise, they didn't bother much, owing to a little judicious palm oil. I was surprised at the weight the porters can carry. One man took the whole of my things on his back, consisting of a large trunk, a Gladstone bag, a parcel of sketching apparatus, and a paint-box, and carried the lot easily for a couple of hundred yards, when I got a carriage of peculiar construction to take me up to the hotel. I stayed in Constantinople seventeen days, while the "Lundy" went on to

Nicolaieff, where she loaded and returned, picking me up as she passed.

Of course I went to Santa Sophia, and saw most of the sights, including the Salamlek, the ceremony of the Sultan going to mosque, at which there is a fine show of officials of all sorts.

One day I went with a party of Americans to see the Treasury, at Seraglio Point. One has to get a special order from the Sultan, and he sends the Chamberlain and a Kaváss, who, assisted by a numerous staff of attendants, showed us over, and saw that we did not make off with any of the valuables. The most interesting part was the collection of old arms and armour, which reminded one of the Crusaders. The jewels might have been fine, but they were in glass cases, so constructed as to leave a good deal to the imagination. We were refreshed in a small *kiösk* outside the Treasury with some rose-leaf preserve (real Turkish delight), and some coffee, which we were informed H. I. M. had sent for our benefit.

We were afterwards driven to one of the largest palaces on the Bosphorus and shown over it by the Chamberlain. It was built entirely of different kinds of marble, all white outside, and contained a magnificent staircase, which even the Americans deigned to admire. The Chamberlain here left us, and we took caiques to row over to Scutari to see and hear the howling Dervishes. I was in a boat with three Americans, and when in the middle of the Bosphorus the water, which was a bit choppy, splashed over us a bit. Some one suggested that it wasn't very safe, but Gen. B——, who was one of the party, replied, "Guess we're all right. We 'ave an Englishman on board; they never sink."

I also made some very interesting excursions on horseback, accompanied by my guide, Paruta. On one occasion we rode across the second bridge, over the Golden Horn, through Stambúl and round the walls, where I took some sketches and photos. While I was sketching we gave the horses to a Turk to look after, and having lunched at a little railway station we proceeded, and found shortly after that "the honest Turk" (?) had substituted for the girths



THE GOLDEN GATE, NOW WALLED UP

some old ones of his own. Paruta said he would remember that man when he met him again.

We rode along the outside of the walls to the "Golden Gate," now walled up, as the Turks believe that if it were opened another conqueror would enter by it.

The country outside the walls is picturesque, being very broken. There is a tolerably good road, however, bordered by cypress and other trees. Along this we cantered till we passed a graveyard with the customary curious headstones, which are large at the upper end and sharpened off at the lower. Here we saw several groups of women squatting among the graves—indeed, the graveyards seem a favourite resort of theirs.

We passed into the city again through the poorer quarter, where one had a good opportunity of studying the ways of the people. Proceeding along a narrow street, very uneven, and in places with steps, down which the horses

went quite easily, I saw several pairs of dark eyes looking out of the upper windows. But most of the women look very careworn, and seem to age quite easily. Of course they ought not to have allowed an unbeliever to gaze at them. But they are, after all, only human, and smiled and waved their hands when no one was looking.

I soon had an opportunity of getting a snapshot as we passed through a crowd of beggars who clamoured for backsheesh, which I told Paruta to distribute while I photographed.

We at length escaped, and came to a little Byzantine Church, which was closed owing to its unsafe condition from the recent earthquakes. One could just catch a glimpse of the interior through one of the windows by standing up in the stirrups.

We have now almost reached the top of "The Horn," and in order to get a view of the whole city we dismounted, and led our horses up the hill through a graveyard till we arrived at the top. Here a magnificent view met our gaze; immediately in front the hill sloped abruptly down to the water, which bent away towards the left, bounded by Stambûl on one side, with its hundred minarets, and Pera and Galata, with the famous Genoese tower, on the other, the whole showing a luminous mass against the purple Mountains of Asia Minor.

When one sees the city from this vantage ground one realises why "The Golden Horn" is so called.

Having rested the horses and refreshed ourselves, we again mounted and rode down into the valley across the stream. The Sweet Waters or Europe where the Sultan's spring palace is, and returned across the hills through Chichli to Pera. On another occasion we rode to Therapia through the Belgrád forest, where the summer quarters of the Embassies are situated; we had some splendid gallops on the turf by the side of the road, which is not very good.

One does not meet many people, only an occasional sheep or goat-herd, though we happened to see a detachment of cavalry capture a smuggler. He did not make any resistance, probably thinking it was as well to make the best of it, though the ground was very rugged and impossible for cavalry to follow any one over; but I don't think they would have hesitated to shoot had he attempted to escape. We arrived at Therapia at about 5 o'clock (English time), and tried to get some tea, but had to content ourselves with some native wine at a little place on the Quay.

The place is delightfully situated on the north shore of the Bosphorus, and one rides down to it from the forest through a beautiful valley, the road winding through cultivated land, bordered by trees. It must be a charming summer residence, though perhaps rather damp, most of the buildings including the Embassies being built within a few yards of the water.

We could not stay long, as it was getting late, so we ordered the horses and started on our return journey. We had not gone far when we met a Frenchman cycling, and he asked whether he might share our company, as it would soon be dark, and the road is not particularly safe. I gladly consented, and we proceeded together. Of course down hill he gained on us considerably, but we caught him going up, so managed to keep fairly together. It soon got quite dark, and we had to let the horses go as they liked, as we couldn't see to guide them; I do not know how my friend the cyclist managed.

Paruta didn't seem to like being in the forest after dark, and kept telling me to gallop as we passed particularly gloomy places; in fact we performed the last eight or nine miles at a gallop except when passing guard-houses, when we broke into a trot. At length we arrived safely, and said adieux to the Frenchman, who seemed relieved at reaching the city, a feeling which I think we shared.

I found the natives very obliging when I was sketching in the streets. They seemed much interested, and crowded round, but refused to allow any one to stand in my way, which was considerate, as I couldn't have prevented

it myself. The time passed all too quickly, and on the thirteenth day I received a wire from Nicolaieff to say that the "Lundy" was on her way, and would probably arrive in a couple of days, so I had to make the most of my time.

I went with a friend to the bazaar and made some purchases, including a couple of Turkish ladies' dresses. When they saw we meant business they brought us coffee, and we bargained for some time, eventually getting the things for less than half what they asked, and could probably have had them for less if we had cared to stay another hour.

I, of course, laid in a stock of Turkish delight and cigarettes, much to the amusement of the bystanders, who wondered how much more my pockets would hold, as I had on a coat with very large ones, to hold sketch-books, etc.

After having my baggage and passport examined, I said good-bye to my friends and made my way to the ship.

The return journey was much the same as the outward, except that we now had passengers on board for part of the way, consisting of geese and fowls, though they decreased in numbers daily, and, I fear, never reached land, with the possible exception of one goose which eluded the clutches of the cook, and improved the shining hour by making off towards Matapan.

We put in at Algiers to coal, but only stayed a few hours, which I much regretted, though it was terribly hot.

We left the same night and proceeded to Rotterdam. This time the Bay was tolerably rough, and I succeeded in getting two good photos of waves, being drenched in so doing.

I had always thought that I could sleep through anything, but the night we arrived at Rotterdam I was convinced of my error, as they dragged the cable over the stern just over my head, and even my nerves could not stand that. We stayed five days, which enabled me to see the picture galleries and go over to the Hague and Schevening. We left one evening, and on arriving at The Hook, had some difficulty in getting the pilot off, as it was very rough. The next day was one to test one's sailing capabilities, as we



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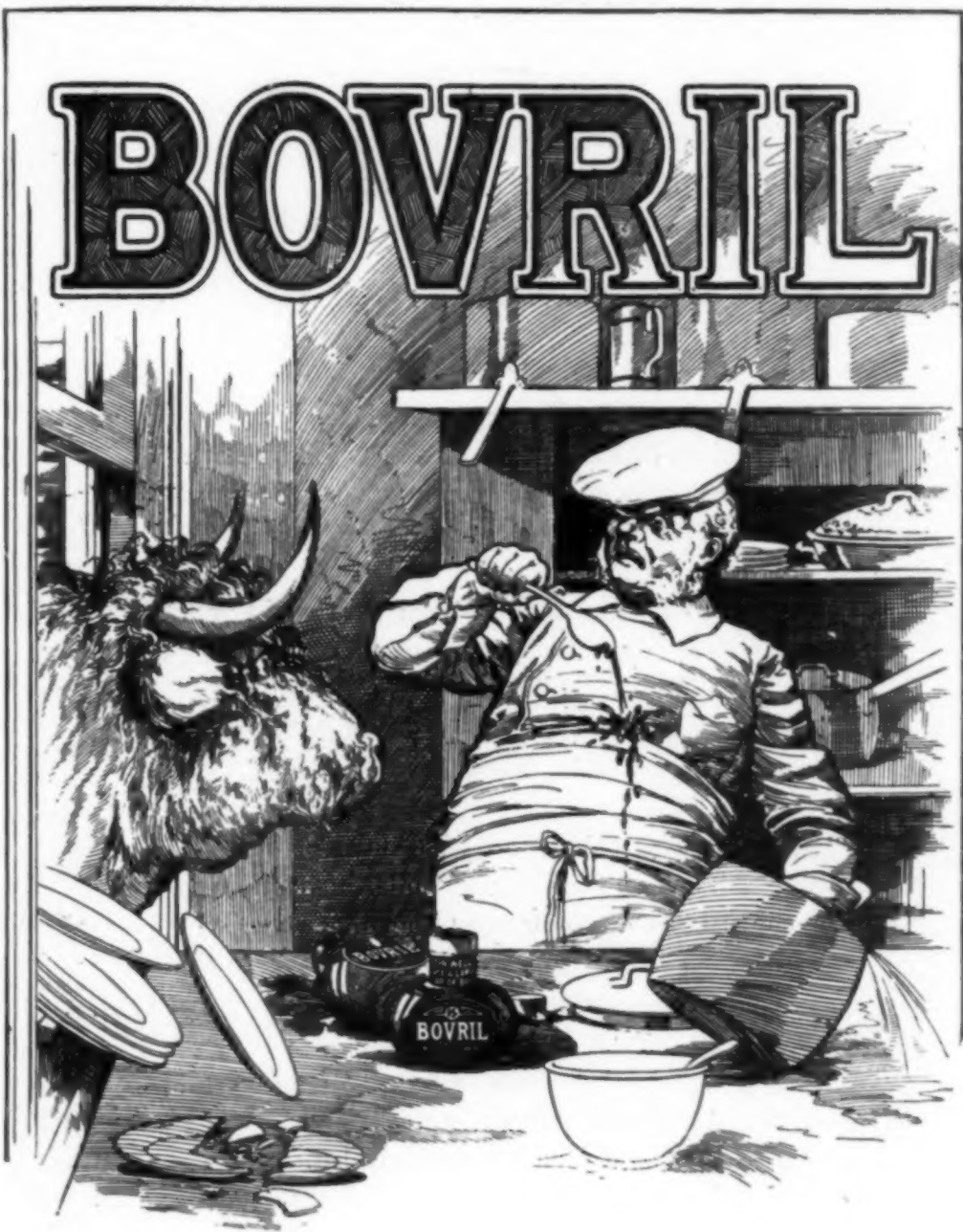
FOUNTAINS IN STAMBOUL

were steaming into a gale, and the ship being "light" was all over the place. We did about five miles in eight hours, having sighted the lightship at the mouth of the Thames at mid-day, and at eight bells we were not much nearer. However, before we reached Dover, the gale had gone down, and we had smooth water all down Channel.

We passed the Lizard on Saturday morning, where we signalled, and rounded the Land's End between the Shark's Fin and the Armoured Knight. We were, therefore, quite close, and could see the tourists outside the "First and Last" refreshing themselves. It got rough after passing Lundy, and on dropping anchor at about 10 p.m., in Barry Roads, we found ourselves in a gale—in fact, we dragged anchor, and had to proceed to Penarth, where we anchored for the night, to find ourselves

on the Sunday morning surrounded by numerous ships which had put back owing to the gale. We expected to have to remain there some time, as the pilot, who managed to board us at mid-day, said they had been having bad weather for some days, and it looked like holding. I turned in pretty early, and was surprised to wake hearing the screw reversing. I called out to the steward, who was in the saloon, and he told me that the gale had gone down, and we were going into dock.

I had a visit from the Customs officers at about 2.30 a.m., and having told them what I had, I resumed my slumbers till eight, when I went down to the shipping office and signed off, and having said good-bye to my kind friends on board, just caught the London train. Thus ended my exceedingly pleasant trip on a tramp steamer.



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THE DAYS OF LONG AGO.

I wandered out to the seething main,
To dream of the days of long ago.
For my heart seemed dead with a nameless pain,
And I heard in a trance the drenching rain,
On the rocks below.

It was long ago! Oh, long ago,
When the world was bright, and the year was young.
When the birds sang clear in the woods below.
There were three of us then; now, O woods, ye know
There is only one.

Ah! the brave spring days, when the world was fair,
And we three set sail in the early morn;
When we held our breath in the tremulous air,
For the world was good, ah! the world was fair
In the rosy dawn.

Were there ever days like those days of old,
When the year was young, and the dawn was red—
E'er the castles we built, and the tales we told,
And the hopes that each heart could never unfold,
Were shattered and dead?

Was there ever a time like that golden May,
When life seemed mystic with strange delight,
When we rose e'er the lark commenced his lay,
And said in our hearts "Thank God it is day"?
And now it seems always night.

But those were the days of long ago,
When we were three, and life was good.
E'er the waves sounded cold on the rocks below,
And the song of the birds was sad and low
In the dreary desolate wood.

MARGARETTA SCOTT.